

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA :

A LETTER TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, ESQ.

MY DEAR NORTON,

I am about to write to you upon a subject which very much concerns the authors of our two nations : it is the subject of International Copyright.

The reason why I address you, is that I know of no man who takes a greater interest in the literature both of Great Britain and America than you do. Moreover you have added to that literature. Your father, as a distinguished theologian, also did the same thing ; and you are allied by birth and by good fellowship to most of the eminent men of letters in your country. Besides, we have you here ; and it is a great advantage to be able to talk to a man, as well as to write to him, when one wishes to impress upon him one's own particular views upon an important subject.

I am for placing this matter upon a basis which it has not occupied since the days of Queen Anne. I am for making copyright in literary, scientific, or artistic work, as much a species of inalienable and indefeasible possession as land, houses, or chattels of any description.

You may, or you may not, agree with me in this desire of mine, and I admit  
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that there are some strong, but not, I think, convincing arguments to be adduced against it. What, however, I have to say to you, as an American, rests upon a different basis, and does not depend upon the peculiar rights and privileges granted by our respective nations to the writers of original literary, artistic, or scientific works. I am only going to try and argue out the question of international copyright.

Now, I begin by saying, that as regards this matter we are substantially one nation. For my own part, I never feel that there is any distinction worthy of much notice between an American and a Britisher. We must not look upon ourselves as foreigners to one another. The essence of the characteristics of both nations is identical. We love liberty, you love liberty ; we abide by law, you abide by law. We are essentially alike, and we differ from many other races, in this most important respect. We are at variance, we will say, in our respective nations about some great political matter. There is great difference of opinion. Every known force, except that of arms, is brought to bear upon this opinion. We come at last to a vote upon it. After that, in both of our nations, there is peace for a time. We understand what it is to beat, or to be beaten, in civil

contest. We have learnt the great art, the result of much statesmanship in our ancestors, of acquiescing in the decision of a majority. We hate conspiracies, and so do you; and we have learnt to abide by decisions openly taken by the people at large.

Your great Civil War, it may be contended, was an exception to this rule; but, nevertheless, the rule, as a rule, holds good.

Well, now I think I have said enough to show that the two nations of America and Great Britain are sufficiently alike to allow of their acting in concert in such a matter as international copyright.

I proceed to show the mischief that is inherent in the present state of things. I begin by saying that it is desirable that authors should be able to live. Men of the world might reply that they do not see the necessity; but you, at any rate, will not agree with them. I admit that lighter literature supports itself and its authors; but history, scientific research, and theology (unless it be controversial), do not. It would be a very great advantage for literary and scientific men if they derived some measure of support from all those countries where the language is spoken in which their historical or scientific books are written. There are now no patrons for literature or science but the public; and authors would be able to afford more outlay of time and money than they can do now, if they had a larger public to appeal to. Books written in the English language ought, at the present moment, to be able to repay a greater expenditure of time and labour and money on the part of their authors than similar books written in any other language. Whereas, I believe that, owing to the want of international copyright between America and Great Britain, the books written in English are at a great disadvantage in comparison with those written in French.

I spoke just now of expenditure of money. The world probably thinks that very little money is expended, especially by the author, in the production even of

great works. But this is a signal error. Take, for instance, the production of maps to illustrate some ancient or modern history. None but those who have had this kind of work to encounter, know how costly it is. Days are spent by the author, or by some one whom he employs, in determining the relative distances of cities, some of which perhaps are not now in existence. Voluminous correspondence has to be undertaken in order to verify doubtful points. Designers and engravers have to be employed. The map is made, and inserted in a work published in London or New York, and is copied at once in a reprint of that work published in New York, or London, at about a thirtieth part of its original expense.

What I have said above relates chiefly to the interests of authors, and only indirectly to the interests of literature and science. But what I am going to say now, touches closely those latter and greater interests. The books themselves in these reprinted (I suppose I must not say pirated) editions, which are published in countries in which the author has no power, are often very inferior. I will give an instance of this, which must, I should think, often occur.

A work is published in England, bit by bit, in some magazine. As it approaches to its termination in the serial form, the author gives a final correction to it, and probably a most valuable correction. What happens in America with this book? It is, we will say, the work of a popular and well-known author. The American publisher, fearing lest the English edition should enter at all into the American market, has the bulk of the work got up in type within a month of the time when the last section of it will be printed in the magazine; and then, a few days after a copy of the magazine, containing the last number of the serial work in question, is received in New York, the whole work, with all its imperfections on its head, is published and circulated amongst the American public. This, independently of the injustice to the

author, is a real injury to literature—by giving circulation to an imperfect work.

I have ever had a horror of legalized infamies, and of the infamies which law cannot, or can scarcely, touch. They are the worst of all. You can tolerate, and even have some sympathy with, a good honest thief. You know where you are with him. He is at open war with you and with the rest of society. He means to break into your house if he can, and you mean to prevent him if you can, or to shoot at him if you find him there in the small hours of the night. But the piratical fellow, who keeping on the safe side of the law, yet violates every principle of justice and humanity, is my aversion. These are the men who safely dust the pepper, sand the sugar, simulate coffee-beans in clay, cocculus-indicise the beer, adulterate drugs, and stuff safety-belts with unseaworthy material.

Do not think me over-harsh, but I cannot view a publisher, who publishes a work, either on our side or on your side of the water, for which he has paid nothing to the author, as differing essentially from the above-named gentry.

I know perfectly well what may be said in such a man's defence. He is acting completely within the compass of the law of his own country. He has no feeling for science, literature, or art. He is perhaps a man of unctuous respectability. If he is on your side of the water, he has, I dare say, a most comfortable house in the suburb that corresponds to our Clapham or Peckham. He pays his rent; he pays his rates; he is kind to the young vultures in his nest, whom he feeds from the proceeds of the labour of others. But I do not think it would be well to have good fortune upon such terms, and I think he must have an occasional twinge of what with him stands for conscience, when, amidst all his wealth and comfort, he reflects (if he ever does reflect), that some of that wealth has been attained by defrauding, quite legally—yes, quite legally—certain poor men who speak his own language; but who happen to be divided from him by some thousands of miles of water.

No State was ever ruined by what I call its downright honest thieves, however numerous they might be; but perhaps no State was ever ruined unless it nourished in its bosom a large number of those people whom I have ventured to class with piratical publishers. There has seldom been a heavier blow aimed at civilization than when some man, of a character equally mimic and rapacious, first laid down the maxim, "Whatever I can imitate is mine—at least, is mine to imitate."

If any other class were as ill-treated as British authors are, they would worry the lives out of men in power with remonstrances and deputations. Let farmers, or graziers, or butchers, have any grievance which they think that men in power might remedy,—see how readily they combine to enforce their views on the Government. And what a deputation we could make! There would be Tennyson and Brown-ing, and other poets, great and small, who would express our grievances with all the force and flow of poetical language. Then there are the historians—Carlyle, Grote, Froude, Merivale, and others. Accustomed as they are to make long speeches for their historical characters, they would be ugly customers for a minister to receive in a deputation. Besides, we should have Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli to assist at this deputation, not in their usual character of the receivers of deputations, but as the received.

Then, in other branches and in other ways, how powerful we should be. Think of the great novelists, Dickens, Lord Lytton, and Trollope; of the ladies who would assist us, such as "George Eliot" and Miss Mulock; not to speak of those who write what are called sensational novels, which the world devours largely—I know I do; don't you, notwithstanding these writings have the ill name of "sensational?" What a subject for sensation, too, they might choose—a poor author, ruined in fame, defrauded in pocket, and driven into madness by an incorrect and slovenly

reprint of his principal work, the last chapter in which will be made to end exactly in an opposite way to that which he intended. Then there are the essayists who would be on our side, a host in themselves. Then the dramatists, both Henry Taylor and Tom Taylor, to shape our grievance into tragic or into comic form, whichever might have most influence on the public. The author of "Realmah," instead of pressing upon our unwilling minds, with his accustomed obstinacy, his views about Gibraltar, might give us a pre-Adamite tale, to show how the earliest authors were ill-treated by their countrymen, and by those States which had swarmed off from their country. Mr. Tupper, with his usual kind-heartedness, would not be found wanting when he could aid his poorer brethren. I foresee some threatening Proverbial Philosophy, which would run thus:—

"You fear the lion,  
When you behold the foot-prints of his tawny  
self  
Deep-marked upon the desert: fear far more  
The foot-prints on the yellow sands of time,  
More deeply marked, of meditative authors.  
To give, or to withhold, the meed of praise,  
Which Kings, and Presidents, and statesmen  
crave,  
And look for in the daily papers, theirs  
It is—the meditative authors—wherefore  
Be wise, and thwart them not."

I am afraid this is not the right metre, but the idea will suffice.

Now, if authors would only combine in this way, the world would do anything to get rid of them and their grievance. Indeed, I believe the world, rather than be plagued by our remonstrances, would pay us our back dues, which, for living authors alone, would probably amount to 170,000*l*.

I write jestingly—it is my way—but I am very serious. I could not, however, advocate the claim of British authors in this matter, if I were not convinced that the interests of literature are seriously involved in it.

I suppose you will not dispute that British authors at present derive no benefit, or next to no benefit, from the reprints of their works in America. I

overheard some time ago a conversation upon this subject between two well-known men of letters in this country, authors very popular in America, and one of them remembered, to use his own quaint phraseology, that he had once received "an exiguous ten-pound note" from a publisher in America. This great author was a fortunate man, and must have been born under one of your own stars. It is well indeed if an author receives a copy of his pirated work from the pirate; and better still, if he is not served, as I have been, by having a book compounded out of some work or works of mine, and published in America under a title that was not in any way invented by me.

That the laws, or want of laws, of any country should enable a man to commit so great a wrong against his fellow-man as often is committed by this unauthorized reprinting, is astonishing. It is a wrong which is most peculiar in its nature. Mr. Bass would complain, and justly, at that red triangle of his being put upon a bottle of pale ale, not of his brewing; but what would he say if his mark were put upon a bottle of ale, which he could not declare was not brewed by him, but which was not first-rate, which required correction, and which, if not absolutely stolen, was taken from him before it was ready for issue? He would feel that his fame, as well as his pocket, would suffer. Now this instance has its parallel in what I have described above as the fate of a work, published in a British serial, and reprinted without correction in America.

Now this matter apparently touches us at present more than it does you. We are the older nation. We have, for a long time, had more leisure; and, not having so much land to spread ourselves over, we have given more time to writing books than you have. But your time is coming, and coming rapidly. You must become great writers of books; and you are subject to the same system of legal nefariousness that we have long laboured under. In another generation or two, the balance of writing power will perhaps be in your favour. There



will be many Hawthornes, Emersons, Motleys, and Longfellows, and, let us hope, many an Agassiz. Motives of self-interest will therefore soon compel you to consider this question; but, from what I know of your nation, I believe that you will previously be inclined to take it up and settle it upon much higher grounds.

I cannot help, however, insisting upon certain lower grounds of motive, for I believe they are unknown to most persons, even of those who have taken much interest in the general question of copyright. No man can doubt that the British author suffers severely from the want of international copyright between Great Britain and America. His is a most patent wrong; but wrongfulness is seldom or never isolated; and the indirect consequences of injustice are often more fatal than the direct. It is so in the present case. If British authors are injured, American authors are repressed—indeed I might almost say suppressed—by the present state of things, the tendency of which is to prevent all American authors but those of the highest eminence from getting a hearing. The reason is obvious. If an American publisher can publish a work, without giving its author any money for the copyright, why should he publish a work of a similar nature, unless it be of very superior merit, for the copyright of which he has to pay money? He must pay an American author something, he need not pay a British author anything. Of course he finds a peculiar merit in British authors. This principle of action will not apply to the greatest and most original works, but it will apply to all those which are of the second order. This must prove “a heavy blow and great discouragement” to men of letters in America.

It is thus that they are prevented from adopting the higher walks of literature, and must, in many instances, content themselves with writing for ephemeral productions which do not suffer from competition with unpaid-for British writing.

I began this letter, thinking that

British authors had the largest grievance to complain of: in working out the subject, however, in my own mind, and availing myself of the knowledge and experience of men possessing special knowledge and experience in these matters, I have come most decisively to the conclusion, that the American author, or rather the man who would be, and who could be, an American author, has the greater grievance to complain of. I have gone round to his side, and feel that I am an advocate for his interests far more than for those of my friends and brethren, the British authors, when I ask for International Copyright.

Now let us look at the interests of the American public. Lord Russell once said, “I hear a great deal about this interest and that interest, but I do not so often hear about the interest of the great body of the public at large.”

His lordship, if he were to read this letter, might say to me, “You have spoken much about the interests of authors, British and American; you have spoken of the interests of literature; but I have not heard much about the interests of the British and American public.” I cannot reply to him in the words of a great wit, who was also a very High Churchman, and who said, “I really cannot see what the laity were made for.” I feel very much for our laity, and if their interest were really adverse to ours, the priesthood's, I should say, Let the priesthood give way. But I contend that both the American and the British public would gain enormously by a good system of international copyright. If both the American and the British authors possessed the advantage to be gained from entering upon an equal footing into both markets, British and American, the works published in both countries by these authors would be more numerous, could be produced at a lower price, and yet would admit of more labour, skill, and money being expended upon them. The present system of legalized robbery on both sides tends to stint and dwarf the literatures of both countries, and to make the public in

both countries, comparatively speaking, ill-served in literature. Of course, what I have said of literary works applies equally to scientific and artistic works.

Numerous illustrations might be drawn from other branches of human labour to fortify the position taken above. The interests of the public generally go hand in hand with those of the promoters of any material undertaking, such as the making of canals and railways, or the establishment of international communication. The interests of all people throughout the world are in these days so closely combined, that a mistake made by, or a wrong committed upon, any class of producers inevitably reacts upon the consumers.

Now, how should these injuries and scandals be prevented? Diplomats will not be able to do much for us, although several of them, yours as well as ours, are men who love literature, and have distinguished themselves in literature. Still we must not look for any signal help from them, unless they are stimulated by the demand of the public on both sides of the water that divides us. It is to that public that I would appeal through you; and I believe that if the American authors, and the American public, would bestir themselves in this matter, they would find that the British authors, and the British public, would be anxious and ready to co-operate with them, and would force upon governments and diplomatists a due consideration of this important matter.

Why do I say that it is important? For four reasons.

1. Because the present system, or rather want of system, is injurious to authors, both American and British; especially to the American, for, as I have shown, it tends to suppress him.

2. Because it is very damaging to literature.

3. Because it prevents both the American and the British public from profiting by the united and the best efforts in literature, of authors having the advantage of writing in that great

language which is common to both countries.

4. Because it hinders the amity of two nations which, for their own interests and the interests of the world, should be the closest friends.

Authors are, after all, the people who give the tone to the mind and thought of each generation. They have, at least, much to do with creating future peace or war, far more perhaps than diplomatists or statesmen. It is of great importance that the *genus irritabile* of authors should have a friendly feeling to the inhabitants of other countries if there is to be peace between those countries and their own.

I do not mind confessing to you, for you are a kind-hearted man, and will readily give me absolution if you can, that I have sometimes felt a shade of bitterness come over me against all Americans, when I have seen how my works have been dealt with in America; but I have got rid of it, at once, when I have seen any of you, and have found out what good-natured fellows you are, and how tolerant you are of our bad grammar, and of our shortcomings in political development.—I am, as always,

Your sincere Friend,

A BRITISH AUTHOR.

CHAS. ELIOT NORTON, ESQ.

P.S.—I have shown to an eminent publisher this letter to you. He says that I have understated my case, and gives this notable instance of the injury done to young American authors by the present system. He has, before now, taken note of some work of much merit, or much promise, written by a young American author. He has felt that it would only interest a comparatively small circle of readers; but that it deserved to be made known. He has, accordingly, communicated with the American author, and has published an edition of the book, got up in the way in which this publisher's books are always presented to the public. Then some other person, thinking that

if this well-known publisher has thought it worth while to publish the book in question, something may be made of it for him too, has forthwith published an inferior edition of it. The public, ever charmed by cheapness, buys the inferior edition ; and the eminent publisher resolves for the future not to publish any more American books of this kind.

The said publisher also made me acquainted with another remarkable fact. There is an excellent work, well known, I have no doubt, to you, called Hallam's "History of Literature in

Europe." Mr. Hallam was a most painstaking, honest, accurate, observant writer. In the course of his life he very much improved this "History of Literature in Europe." But the copyright of the first edition published in 1826 has, according to our present law, expired, and this edition, without the author's later corrections, is now reprinted by an English publisher, who bears the same name as the eminent publisher of Hallam's works. The author's memory is thus injured, and the public is apt to be misled.

## A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## THE STORY.

## CHAPTER I.

I AM going back in my history of Lady de Bougainville nearly fifty years.

But before taking it up at that far-away period, so long before I knew her, and continuing it down to the time when I did know her—where I have just now let it drop—let me say a few words.

To give the actual full details of any human life is simply impossible. History cannot do it, nor biography, nor yet autobiography; for, even if we wished, we could not tell the exact truth about ourselves. Paradoxical as it may sound, I have often thought that the nearest approximation to absolute truth is fiction; because the novelist presents, not so much literal facts, which can be twisted and distorted to almost any shape, as the one underlying verity of human nature. Thus, Lady de Bougainville's story, as I have gradually gathered it from herself and others, afterwards putting together all the data which came into my hands, is given by me probably as near reality as any one not gifted with clairvoyance could give it. I believe I have put "the facts of the case" with as much veracity as most historians. Nor am I bolder in discriminating motives and judging actions than many historians—nay, than we all often assume to be, just as if we were omnipresent and omniscient, towards our poor fellow-worms.

But still, any one with common sense and common perception, studying human nature, must see that certain effects must follow certain causes, and produce certain final results, as sure as that the daylight follows the sun. Therefore, when we writers make a story, and our readers speculate about it, and "wonder

how it will end," we rather smile at them. We know that if it is true to human life it can end but in one way,—subject to various modifications, but still only in one way. Granting such and such premises, the result must follow, inexorable as fate.

And so in course of years I arrived at Lady de Bougainville's history as accurately as if she herself had written it down: nay, more so, for upon various points of it her tongue was, and ever would have been, firmly sealed, while upon other points circumstances and her own peculiar character made her incompetent to form a judgment. But it was easy enough to form my own, less from what she related than by what she unwittingly betrayed, still more by what I learned,—though not till after she was gone,—by the one only person who had known her in her youth, the old Irishwoman, Bridget Halloran, who then lived a peaceful life of busy idleness in Lady de Bougainville's house, and afterwards ended her days as an honoured inmate in mine.

Bridget, as soon as she knew me and grew fond of me, had no reserves; but her mistress had many. Never once did she sit down to relate to me her "history,"—people do not do that in real life; and yet she was for ever letting fall facts and incidents which, put together, made a complete and continuous autobiography. Her mind, ever dwelling on the past, and indifferent to, or oblivious of, the present, had acquired a vividness and minuteness of recollection that was quite remarkable. I never questioned her: that was impossible. At the slightest indication of impertinent curiosity she would draw in her horns, or retire at once into her shell like any hermit crab, and it was difficult to lure her out again. But generally,

by simply listening while she talked, and putting this and that together by the light of what I knew of her character, I arrived at a very fair estimate of the total facts, and the motives which produced them.

Upon these foundations I have built my story. It is no truer and no falser than our reproductions of human nature, in history, biography, and romance, usually are, and as such I leave it. The relation harms no one. And it will be something if I can snatch out of the common oblivion of women's lives—I mean women who die the last of their race, "and leave the world no pattern"—the strange, chequered life of my dear Lady de Bougainville.

And so to begin:—

MORE than half a century ago, the Rev. Edward Scanlan came to be curate of the parish in the small West of England town of Ditchley St. Mary's, commonly called Ditchley only.

At that time the Establishment—especially as it existed in the provinces—was in a very different condition from what it is at present. "Orthodoxy" meant each clergyman doing that which was right in his own eyes, as to rubric, doctrine, or clerical government; that is, within certain limits of sleepy decorum and settled common usage. Beyond the pale of the Church there existed a vague dread of the Pope on one side, and Dissent on the other; and people had a general consciousness that the Establishment alone was really "respectable" to belong to; but within its boundary all went smoothly enough. Low Church, High Church, Broad Church, were terms unknown. There was not sufficient earnestness to create schism. One only section of new thinkers had risen up, originating with young Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, who either called themselves, or were called, "Evangelicals," and spoke much about "the gospel," which the more ardent of them fancied that they and they alone had received, and were commissioned to preach. This made them a little obnoxious to their old-fashioned brethren;

but still they were undoubtedly a set of very earnest, sincere, and hard-working clergymen, whose influence in the English, and more particularly the Irish Church, was beginning to be clearly felt; only it did not extend to such remote parishes as that of Ditchley.

The Ditchley rector was a clergyman of the old school entirely: when still a young man he was presented to the living through family influence, and had fulfilled its duties decently, if rather grudgingly, his natural bias being in a contrary direction, and his natural disposition being from this or some other reason correspondingly soured. He was a man of education and taste; had travelled much on the Continent when he was only a younger brother, and before it was expected that he would have dropped in, as he did, late in life, for the whole accumulation of the family property;—alas! rather too late—for by that time Henry Oldham was a confirmed old bachelor.

Since then he had crept on peacefully to septuagenarianism, the last of his race. He never went to live at Oldham Court, but let it to strangers, and kept on his modest establishment at the Rectory, which was a very pretty place, having once been a monastery, with a beautiful garden, in which he greatly delighted, and over which he was said to spend extravagant sums. Otherwise he lived carefully, some thought penuriously, but he was charitable enough to the poor of his parish; and he read prayers now and then, and preached a sermon, fifteen minutes long, regularly once a month; which comprised for him the whole duty of a clergyman.

I have seen Mr. Oldham's portrait, engraved, after his death, by the wish of his parishioners. He is represented sitting at his library-table, in gown and bands. His sermon lies before him, and he has the open Bible under his right hand, as in the portrait of the Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville. But he is very unlike that admired individual, being a little spare old man, with a funny scratch wig, and a keen, caustic, though not unkindly expression;

more like a lawyer than a clergyman, and more like a country gentleman than either.

Except this monthly sermon, and his necessary charities, which were no burthen to him,—Mr. Oldham being, as has been said, a very wealthy man, though nobody knew the precise amount of his wealth,—the rector left all his parish responsibilities to his curate, whom he had picked up, during one of his rare absences from home, soon after his former assistant in the duty—a college chum nearly as old as himself—died.

How such a strong contrast as the Reverend Edward Scanlan ever succeeded the Reverend Thomas Heavysides was a standing wonder to Ditchley. He was young, handsome, and an Irishman, belonging to that section of the Irish Church which coincided with the English "Evangelicals," except that in Ireland they added politics to religion, and were outrageously and vehemently "Orange"—a term of which, mercifully, the present generation has almost forgotten the meaning.

Mr. Scanlan had been, in his native country, as Ditchley soon discovered—for he had no hesitation in betraying the fact—a popular preacher. Indeed, his principal piece of furniture in his temporary lodgings was his own portrait in that character, presented to him just before he left Dublin—and he maintained the credit of a popular preacher still. On his very first Sunday, he took the parish by storm. He literally "roused" the congregation, who were accustomed to do nothing but sleep during the sermon. But no one could sleep during that of the new curate. He preached extempore, which of itself was a startling novelty, alarming the old people a little, but delighting the younger ones. Then his delivery was so loud and energetic: he beat the pulpit cushion so impressively with his white ringed hand; and his sentences rolled off with such brilliant fluency. He never paused a moment for a word—ideas nobody asked for; and his mellifluous Irish accent sounded so original, so charming. His looks too—his abun-

dance of black hair and large blue-black eyes—Irish eyes—which he knew how to make the very most of. Though he was short of stature and rather stumpy in figure compared to the well-grown young Saxons about Ditchley, still all the Ditchley ladies at once pronounced him "exceedingly handsome," and disseminated that opinion accordingly.

On the top of it—perhaps consequent upon it—came, after a Sunday or two, the further opinion, "exceedingly clever." Certainly Mr. Scanlan's sermons were very unlike anything ever before heard in Ditchley. He seized upon sacred subjects in a dashing, familiar way—handled them with easy composure; illustrated them with all sorts of poetical similes, taken from everything in heaven and earth; smothered them up with flowers of imagery—so that the original thought, if there was any at all, became completely hidden in its multiplicity of adornments.

Sometimes, in his extreme volubility of speech, Mr. Scanlan used illustrations whose familiarity almost approached the ludicrous, thereby slightly scandalising the sober people of Ditchley. But they soon forgave him; when a man talks so much and so fast, he must make slips sometimes—and he was so pleasant in his manner, so meekly subservient to criticism, or so calmly indifferent to it, that it soon died away; more especially as the rector himself had the good taste and good feeling never to join in anything that was said either for or against his curate. In which example he was followed by the better families of the place—staunch old Tories, with whom a clergyman was a clergyman, and not amenable to the laws which regulate common men. They declared that whoever Mr. Oldham chose was sure to be the right person, and were perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Oldham was satisfied too—or at least appeared so. He always showed Mr. Scanlan every possible politeness, and professed himself perfectly contented with him,—as he was with most things that saved himself from trouble. He had had in his youth a hard, in his age



an easy life; and if there was one thing he disliked more than another, it was taking trouble. The Irish exuberance of Mr. Scanlan filled up all gaps, socially as well as clerically, and lifted the whole weight of the parish from the old man's shoulders. So, without any foolish jealousy, Mr. Oldham allowed his charming young curate to carry all before him; and moreover gave him a salary, which, it was whispered, was far more than Mr. Heavisides had ever received; nay, more than was given to any curate in the neighbourhood. But then Mr. Scanlan was so very superior a preacher, and (alas! for the Ditchley young ladies when they found it out) he was already a married man.

This last fact, when it leaked out, which it did not for a week or two, was, it must be owned, a considerable blow. The value of the new curate decreased at once. But Ditchley was too dull a place, and the young Irishman too great a novelty, for the reaction to be very serious. So, after a few cynical remarks of the sour grape pattern, as to how very early and imprudently he must have married—the Irish always did—how difficult he would find it to keep a wife and family on a curate's income, and how very inferior a person the lady would probably be—Mr. Scanlan's star again rose, and he was generally accepted by the little community.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Irish are unappreciated in England—especially provincial England. Often the slow, bovine, solid Briton is greatly taken by the lively-tempered, easy, mercurial Celt, who both supplies a want and creates an excitement. A gentlemanly, clever, and attractive young Hibernian will drop suddenly down upon an old-fashioned English country-town, amuse the men, captivate the women, and end by putting his bridle on the neck of ever so many of these mild stolid agricultural animals—leading them by the nose completely, for a little while—as did the gentleman who had just made his appearance in Ditchley. For weeks nothing was talked of but

the Reverend Edward Scanlan—his brilliant preaching, his good looks, his agreeable manners. Every girl in the town would have been in love with him but for that uncomfortable impediment, his wife. Great was the speculation concerning her—what kind of person she was likely to be. Imagination had full time to develop itself: for the curate occupied his lodgings alone for three months, during which time—as he confidentially, and not without much anxious and husband-like feeling, told the matrons of the place—Mrs. Scanlan was awaiting at his mother's house in Dublin the birth of their second child.

Then, he had a mother, and she had a house;—two facts which, in the paucity of information concerning him, were eagerly seized upon and discussed exhaustively. Indeed, these conjugal confessions seemed to open to the young man all the maternal arms in Ditchley—Ditchley town, that is. The county families still hung back a little, pausing till they could discover something certain about Mr. Scanlan's antecedents.

This was not easy. Fifty years ago London itself was very far off from the West of England, and Ireland seemed a *terra incognita* as distant as the antipodes. Nor, except letting fall in his conversation a good many titled names, which were recognised as belonging to the religious aristocracy of the period, did Mr. Scanlan say much about his family or connexions. He was apparently that odd mixture of candour and secretiveness which is peculiarly Celtic—Highland and Irish. While voluble enough concerning himself personally,—of his wife, his parents, and his relatives generally—who could not have been numerous, as he was an only child—he said remarkably little.

It is a curious fact, and a contradiction to certain amusing legal fictions concerning the conjugal estate—that whatever a man may be, and however great a personage theoretically, practically his social status is decided by his wife. Not so much by *her* social status or origin, as by the sort of woman she

is in herself. King Cophetua may woo the beggar-maid, and if she has a queenly nature she will make an excellent queen; but if he chooses a beggar in royal robes, they will soon drop off, and the ugly mendicant appear;—then King Cophetua may turn beggar, but she will never make a queen. And so, in every rank of life, unless a man chooses a woman who is capable of keeping up at home the dignity which he labours for in the world, he will soon find his own progress in life sorely hampered and impeded, his usefulness narrowed, his honours thrown away.

Mr. Scanlan was no doubt a very charming man—quite the gentleman, everybody said; and his tastes and habits were those of a gentleman,—at least of a person who has been well off all his life. Indeed, he everywhere gave the impression of having been brought up in great luxury as a child, with ponies to ride, unlimited shooting and fishing, &c.—the sort of life befitting a squire's son; on the strength of which, though a clergyman, he became hand in glove with all the rollicking squires' sons round about.

Ditchley puzzled itself a little concerning his name. Scanlan did not sound very aristocratic, but then English ears never appreciate Irish patronymics. The only time that any one in this neighbourhood had ever seen it—(the fact was breathed about tenderly, and never reached the curate)—was upon a stray porter bottle—"Scanlan and Co.'s Dublin stout"—but that might have been a mere coincidence; no doubt there were many Scanlans all over Ireland. And even if it were not so—if Mr. Scanlan did really belong to the "stout" family—what harm was it? Who had not heard of illustrious brewers? Whitbread in England, Guinness in Ireland,—were they not names high in honour, especially among the religious world of the day—the Evangelical set—which, however the old-fashioned, easy-going church people might differ from it, had undoubtedly begun to work a great revolution in the Establishment?

Mr. Scanlan belonged to it, and evidently glorified himself much in the fact. It was such an exceedingly respectable section of the community: there were so many titled and wealthy names connected with it; even a poor curate might gather from his alliance therewith a secondary honour. Nevertheless, the county society, which was very select, and not easily approachable, paused in its judgment upon the Reverend Edward Scanlan until it had seen his wife. Then there was no longer any doubt concerning him.

I should think not! I could imagine how she looked the first time she appeared in public, which was at church, for she arrived at Ditchley on a Saturday—arrived alone with her two little babies—both babies, for one was just fifteen months the elder of the other—and their nurse, a thorough Irishwoman, very young, very untidy, very faithful, and very ugly. Well could I picture her as she walked up the church aisle,—though perhaps her noble kind of beauty would at first be hardly perceptible to these good Ditchley people, accustomed to fair Saxon complexions, plump figures, and cheeks rosy and round, whereas hers were pale and thin, and her eyes dark, with heavy circles underneath them. Besides, she was very tall; and slender, almost to tenuity; and her early maternity, combined with other cares, had taken from her the first fresh bloom of youth. At nineteen she looked rather older than her husband, though he was her senior by some years. "What a pity," Ditchley said, in its comments upon her that Sunday; "why will Irishwomen marry so young?"—until they found out she was not an Irishwoman at all.

What she was, or where she came from, they had at first no means of guessing. She spoke English perfectly. Nevertheless, as the ladies who called upon her during the ensuing week detected, she had certainly some sort of foreign accent; but whether French, German, or Spanish, the untravelled natives of Ditchley were quite unable to discover. And even the boldest and

most inquisitive of them found—I can well believe it!—a certain difficulty in putting intrusive questions, or indeed questions of any kind, to Mrs. Scanlan. They talked about her babies, of whom she seemed irrationally proud; about her husband, to whose praises she listened with a sweet, calm, appreciative smile; and then they went away, having found out about her just as much as they knew the week before—viz., that she was Mrs. Scanlan.

Nevertheless, she burst upon Ditchley like a revelation,—this beautiful, well-bred young woman, who, though only the curate's wife, living in very common furnished lodgings, seemed fully the equal of every lady who called upon her. Yet she made nobody uncomfortable. Those who came to patronize, forgot to do it, that was all; while the poorer and humbler ones, who, from her looks at church, had been at first a little afraid of her—doubting she would be “stand-offish” and disagreeable—found her so pleasant, that they were soon quite at their ease, and went away to trumpet her praises far and near.

While she—how did she receive this praise, blame, or criticism? Nobody could find out. She had all the simplicity and naturalness of one who takes no trouble to assert a position which she has had all her life; is quite indifferent to outside shows of wealth or consequence, possessing that within which is independent of either; easily accessible to all comers; considering neither “What do other people think of you?” or “I wonder what you are now thinking of me?” but welcoming each and all with the calm, gentle graciousness of a lady who has been, to use the current phrase, “thoroughly accustomed to good society.”

Such was the wife whom, much to their surprise after all—for in none of their speculations had they quite reckoned upon such a woman—the new curate introduced to the parish of Ditchley.

She settled his status there, at once and permanently. Nay, she did more, for, with her dignified candour, she explained at once the facts which he had

hitherto kept concealed; not upon her neighbours' first visit, but as soon as she grew at all into friendliness with them, even expressing some surprise that neither Mr. Scanlan nor Mr. Oldham—who treated her with great respect, and even had a dinner-party at the Rectory in her honour—should have made public the very simple facts of the Scanlan family history. Her Edward's father was a wealthy Dublin brewer—the identical “Scanlan & Co.”—who had brought his son up to the Church, and was just on the point of buying him a living, when some sudden collapse in trade came, the firm failed, the old man died penniless, leaving his old wife with only her own small income to live upon, while the son was driven to maintain himself as best he could. Though he was a popular preacher, and very much sought after, still admiration brought no pounds, shillings, and pence;—his fine friends slipped from him—no hope of preferment offered itself in Ireland. At which conjuncture he met Mr. Oldham, made friends with him, and accepted a fat curacy in the land of the Saxons.

This was the whole—a very plain statement, involving no mystery of any kind. Nor concerning herself was there ought to disguise. When her peculiar accent, and certain foreign ways she had, excited a few harmless wonderings, Mrs. Scanlan satisfied them all in the briefest but most unhesitating way, telling how she was of French extraction, her parents being both of an old Huguenot family, belonging to the *ancienne noblesse*. This latter fact she did not exactly state, until her visitors noticed a coronet on an old pocket-handkerchief; and then she answered, quite composedly, that her late father, a teacher in Dublin, and very poor, was the Vicomte de Bougainville.

Here at once I give the clue to any small secret which may hitherto have thrown dust in the reader's eyes, but I shall attempt this no more. It must be quite clear to all persons of common penetration who was the lady I am describing.

Mademoiselle Josephine de Bougainville was the only child of her parents,

who had met and married late in life, both being poor *émigrés* belonging to the same family, driven from France by the first Revolution. The mother was already dead when Josephine was given, at the early age of sixteen, to Edward Scanlan. I think, in spite of many presumptions to the contrary, that undoubtedly she married him from love, as he her. Perhaps, considering her extreme youth and her French bringing up, it was not exactly the right sort of love—not the love which we like to see our English daughters marry with, quite independent of the desire of parents or friends, trusting to no influence but that of their own honest hearts; but still it was love, and Edward Scanlan, a good-looking, ardent, impulsive young fellow, was just the sort of lover that would be attractive to sweet sixteen. I believe he fell in love with her at church, violently and desperately; and his parents, who never said him nay in anything, and who had the shrewdness to see that her beauty and her good birth formed an excellent balance to the Scanlan money—nay, would be rather an advantage to the same—instead of resisting, encouraged the marriage. They applied to M. de Bougainville for his daughter's hand, and the poor old Vicomte, starving in his garret, was glad enough to bestow it—to see his child safe settled in a home of her own, and die.

He might have used some persuasion; she might have thought, French fashion, that it was right to marry whomsoever her father wished, and so bent her will cheerfully to his. But I am sure she did not marry against her will, from the simple fact that, to a nature like hers, a marriage without love, or for anything except love, would have been, at any age, altogether impossible. Besides, I have stronger evidence still. Once, in discussing, with regard to myself, this momentous question, Lady de Bougainville said to me, very solemnly—so solemnly that I never forgot her words:

"Remember, Winifred, love alone is not sufficient in marriage. But, wanting love, nothing else suffices—no outward suitability, no tie of gratitude or

duty. All break like threads before the wrench of the ever-grinding wheel of daily cares. I had a difficult married life, my dear, but it would have been ten times more so if, when I married, I had not loved my husband."

I find that, instead of telling a consecutive story, I am mixing up confusedly the near and the far away. But it is nearly impossible to avoid this. Many things, obviously, I have to guess at. Given the two ends of a fact, I must imagine the middle—but I shall imagine as little as ever I can. And I have two clues to guide me through the labyrinth—clues which have never failed through all those years.

Every Saturday night, when her children were in bed, her week's duties done, and her husband arranging his sermon, a task he always put off till the last minute, sitting up late to do it—and she never went to bed until he was gone, and she could shut up the house herself—this quiet hour Mrs. Scanlan always devoted to writing a journal. It was in French, not English; and very brief: a record of facts, not feelings; events, not moralizings: but it was kept with great preciseness and accuracy. And, being in French, was private; since, strange to say, her husband had never taken the trouble to learn the language.

Secondly, Lady de Bougainville had one curious superstition: she disliked burning even the smallest scrap of paper. Every letter she had ever received, she kept arranged in order, and ticketed with its date of receipt and the writer's name. Thus, had she been a celebrated personage, cursed with a biographer, the said biographer would have had no trouble at all in arranging his data and gathering out of them every possible evidence,—except perhaps the truth, which lies deeper than any external facts. Many a time I laughed at her for this peculiarity of hers; many a time I declared that were I a notable person, I would take care to give those who came after me as much trouble as possible: instituting such periodical incinerations as would leave the chronicler of my life with no data to traffic upon, but keep

him in a state of wholesome bewilderment concerning me. At which Lady de Bougainville only smiled, saying, "What does it matter? Why need you care?"

It may be so. As we decline towards our end, the projected glory and peace of the life to come may throw into dimness all this present life: we may become indifferent to all that has happened to us, and all that people may say and think of us after we are gone. She did, I know. And I might feel the same myself, if I had no children.

Those two children of hers, the little girl and boy, were enough of themselves to make life begin brightly for young Mrs. Scanlan, even in the dull town of Ditchley. And it was the bright time of year, when Ditchley itself caught the reflected glow of the lovely country around it—rich, West of England country; wide, green, heaving pasture-lands, and lanes full of spring-flowers. The first time her little César came home with his chubby hands holding, or rather dropping, a mass of broken blue hyacinths, his mother snatched him in her arms and smothered him with kisses. She felt as if her own childhood were come over again in that of her children.

Besides, the sudden collapse of fortune, which had brought so many changes, brought one blessing, which was a very great one to Josephine Scanlan. Hitherto the young couple had never had a separate home. The old couple, considering—perhaps not unwisely—that the wife was so young and the husband so thoughtless, and that they themselves had no other children, brought them home to live with them in their grand house; which combined establishment had lasted until the crash came.

It could scarcely have been a life altogether to Josephine's taste; though I believe her father and mother-in-law were very worthy people—quite uneducated, having "made themselves," but gentle, kind, and good. If ever she did speak of them, it was always with tenderness. Still, to the poor *émigré's* daughter, brought up in all the traditions

of "blue blood;" taught to take as her standard of moral excellence the chivalry which holds honour as the highest good, and socially, to follow that perfect simplicity which indicates the truest refinement—to such an one there must always have been something jarring in the rude, lavish luxury of these *nouveaux riches*, who, being able to get anything through their money, naturally concluded that money was everything. Though her fetters were golden, still, fetters they were: and though she must have worn them with a smiling, girlish grace,—she was so much of a child, in years and in character—yet I have no doubt she felt them sometimes. When, all in a day, they dropped off like spiders' webs, I am afraid young Mrs. Scanlan was not near so unhappy as she ought to have been; nay, was conscious of a certain sense of relief and exhilaration of spirits. It was like passing out of a hot-house into the free pure air outside; and, though chilling at first, the change was wonderfully strengthening and refreshing.

The very first shock of it had nerved the shy, quiet girl into a bright, brave, active woman, ready to do all that was required of her, and more; complaining of nothing, and afraid of nothing. Calmly she had lived on with her mother-in-law, amidst the mockeries of departed wealth, till the house and furniture at Merrion Square could be sold; as calmly, in a little lodging at Kingstown, had she waited the birth of her second child; and then, with equal fearlessness, had travelled from Ireland with the children and Bridget, alone and unprotected, though it was the first time in her life she had ever done such a thing. But she did it thankfully and happily; and she was happy and thankful now.

True, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Scanlan felt at first the full weight of their changed fortunes. The grand sweep of everything had not been so complete—or else it had been managed so ingeniously, as wide-awake people can manage these little affairs—as to leave them out of the wreck a good many



personal luxuries. By the time the picturesque little cottage—which, being on the rector's land, he had put into good repair and recommended as a suitable habitation for his curate—was ready, there arrived by sea, from Dublin, quite enough of furniture—the remnant of old splendours—to make it very comfortable; nay, almost every lady, in paying the first call upon Mrs. Scanlan at Wren's Nest, said admiringly, "What a pretty home you have got!"

Then when Mrs. Scanlan returned the visits, and, the term of mourning for her parents-in-law having expired, accepted a few invitations round about, she did so in clothes which, if a little unfashionable in Dublin, were regarded as quite modern at Ditchley; garments so handsome, so well arranged, and so gracefully put on, that some of his confidential matron friends said to Mr. Scanlan, "How charmingly your wife dresses! Any one could see she was a Frenchwoman by the perfection of her toilette." At which Mr. Scanlan was of course excessively delighted; and admired his beautiful wife more than ever, because other people admired her so much.

He, too, was exceedingly "jolly"—only that word had not then got engrafted in the English language—in spite of his loss of fortune. The result of it did not as yet affect him personally; none of his comforts were curtailed to any great extent. "Roughing it" in lodgings, with every good house in the parish open to him whenever he chose to avail himself of the hospitality, had been not such a very hard thing. Nor was "love in a cottage," in summer-time—with roses and jessamines clustering about the door, and everybody who entered it praising the taste and skill of his wife, within and without the house, and saying how they envied such a scene of rural felicity—by any means an unpleasant thing.

In truth, the curate sometimes scarcely believed he was a poor man at all, or in anywise different from the Edward Scanlan, with whom everything had gone so smoothly since his cradle; for his parents, having married late in life, had

their struggle over before he was born. He still dressed with his accustomed taste—a little florid, perhaps, but not bad taste; he had always money in his pocket, which he could spend or give away, and he was equally fond of doing both. He had not, naturally, the slightest sense of the individual or relative value of either sovereigns or shillings, no more than if they had been dead leaves. This peculiarity had mattered little once, when he was a rich young fellow; now, when it did matter, it was difficult to conquer.

His mother had said to Josephine on parting—almost the last thing she did say, for the old woman died within the year,—“Take care of poor Edward, and look after the money yourself, my dear, or it'll burn a hole in his pockets—it always did.” And Josephine had laughed at the phrase with an almost childish amusement, and total ignorance of what it meant and implied. She understood it too well afterwards.

But not now. Not in the least during that first sunshiny summer, which made Ditchley so pleasant and dear to her that the charm lasted through many and many a sunless summer and dreary winter. Her husband she had all to herself, for the first time;—he was so fond of her—so kind to her; she went about with him more than she had ever been able to do since her marriage; taking rambles to explore the country, paying amusing first visits together, to investigate and criticise the Ditchley society; receiving as much attention as if they were a new married couple; and even as to themselves, having as it were their honeymoon over again, only a great deal more gay and more comfortable. It was indeed a very happy life for Mr. and Mrs. Scanlan.

As for the babies, they were in an earthly paradise. Wren's Nest was built among the furze bushes of a high common, as a wren's nest should be; and the breezes that swept over were so fresh and pure, that the two little delicate faces soon began to grow brown with health—César's especially. The infant, Adrienne, had always been a



small fragile thing. But César grew daily into a real boy, big, hearty, and strong; and Bridget showed him off wherever she went as one of the finest children of the neighbourhood.

Thus Time went on, marching upon flowers; still he did march, steadily, remorselessly. But it was not till the fall of the year, when a long succession of wet days and weeks made Wren's Nest lock,—as a wren's nest might be expected to look in wintry weather—that the Scanlans woke up to the recollection that they were actually "poor" people.

## CHAPTER II.

WHAT are "poor" people? such as I have just stated the curate of Ditchley and his wife to be?

Few questions can be more difficult to answer. "Poor" is an adjective of variable value. I compassionate my next neighbour as a "poor" woman, because she lives in a small tumble-down cottage at the end of my garden, and has nine children, and a sick husband. While my next neighbour but one, who drives about in her carriage and pair, no doubt compassionates me, because in all weathers I have to go on foot. Often when she sweeps past me, trudging along our muddy lanes, and we bow and smile, I can detect a lurking something, half pity—half—no, she is too kind for scorn!—in her face, which exceedingly amuses me. For I know that if her carriage meets the little chaise and ponies, driven by the lovely Countess whose seat is four miles off, the said Countess will be greatly envied by my wealthy neighbour, whose husband has only one handsome house to live in, while the Earl has six.

Thus, you see, "poor" is a mere adjective of comparison.

But when I call the Scanlans "poor," it was because their income was not equal to their almost inevitable expenditure. Theirs was the sharpest form of poverty, which dare not show itself

as such; which has, or thinks it has, a certain position to keep up, and, therefore, must continually sacrifice inside comforts to outside shows. How far this is necessary or right remains an open question—I have my own opinion on the subject. But one thing is certain, that a curate, obliged to appear as a gentleman, and mix freely in other gentlemen's society—to say nothing of his having, unfortunately, the tastes and necessities of a gentleman—is in a much harder position than any artisan, clerk, or small shopkeeper, who has the same number of pounds a year to live upon. Especially when both have the same ever-increasing family,—only a rather different sort of family,—to bring up upon it.

When Mr. Scanlan's stock of ready-money—that "running account" in the Ditchley bank, which he had thought so inexhaustible, but which ran away as fast as a centipede before the year was out—when this sum was nearly at an end, the young husband opened his eyes wide, with a kind of angry astonishment. His first thought was, that his wife had been spending money a great deal too fast. This was possible, seeing she was still but a novice in house-keeping, and besides she really did not know how much she had to keep house upon. For her husband, proud of his novel dignity as master of a family, had desired her to "leave everything to him—just ask him for what she wanted, and he would give it to her: a man should always be left to manage his own affairs." And Josephine, dutifully believing this, had smiled at the recollection of her mother-in-law's caution, thinking how much better a wife knew her husband than his own parents ever did,—and cheerfully assented. Consequently, she made not a single inquiry as to how their money stood, until there was no money left to inquire after.

This happened on a certain damp November day—she long remembered the sort of day it was, and the minutiae of all that happened on it; for it was the first slight lifting up of that golden haze of happiness—the first opening of

her eyes unto the cold, cheerless land that she was entering; the land where girlish dreams and ideal fancies are not, and all pleasures that exist therein, if existing at all, must be taken after a different fashion, and enjoyed in a different sort of way.

Mr. Scanlan had gone into Ditchley in the forenoon, and his wife had been busy making all sorts of domestic arrangements for a change that would rather increase than diminish the family expenditure, and holding a long consultation with her one servant as to a little plan she had, which would lighten both their hands, and indeed seemed, with present prospects, almost a necessity.

For, hard-working woman as Bridget was—and when there is found an industrious, conscientious, tidy Irish-woman, how she will work! with all her heart in it too—still Wren's Nest in winter and Wren's Nest in summer were two very different abodes. You cannot keep a little cottage as warm as a good-sized house, or as neat either, especially when the said little cottage has two little people in it, just of the age when rich parents find it convenient to exile their children to safe nurseries at the top of the house, to be "out of the way." Wren's Nest, quite large enough when César and Adrienne were out on the common from morning till night—became small when the poor little things had to be shut up in it all day long. Their voices—not always sweet—sometimes rang through it in a manner that even their mother found rather trying. As to their father—but Mrs. Scanlan had already begun to guess at one fact, which all young married women have to discover—that the more little children are kept out of their father's way the better for all parties.

Moreover, Josephine's husband still enjoyed his wife's company far too well not to grumble a little when she stinted him of it for the sake of her babies. He excessively disliked the idea of her becoming "a family woman," as he called it, swallowed up in domestic cares. Why not leave all that to the

servants? He still said "servants," forgetting that there was now but one. Often, to please him—it was so sweet to please him always!—Mrs. Scanlan would resign many a necessary duty, or arrange her duties so that she could sit with him alone in the parlour, listening while he talked or read—listening with one ear, while the other was kept open to the sounds in the kitchen, where Bridget might be faintly heard, going about her work and crooning the while some Irish ditty; keeping baby on one arm while she did as much as she could of the household work with the other.

Poor Bridget! With all her good will, of course, under such circumstances, things were not done as well as they ought to have been, nor were the children taken such care of as their anxious mother thought right. When there was a third child impending, some additional household help became indispensable, and it was on this subject that she and Bridget were laying their heads together—very different heads, certainly, though the two young women—mistress and maid—were nearly the same age.

Let me pause for a moment to draw Bridget Halloran's portrait—lovingly, for she was a great friend of mine.

She was very ugly, almost the ugliest woman I ever knew, and she must have been just the same in youth as in age, probably uglier, for time might by then have ironed out some of the small-pox seams which contributed not a little to the general disfigurement of her features. True, she never could have had much features to boast of, hers being the commonest type of Irish faces, flat, broad, round as an apple-dumpling, with a complexion of the dumpling hue and soddenness. There was a small dough-pinch for the nose, a wide slit for the mouth, two beady, black-currants of eyes—and you had Bridget Halloran's face complete. Her figure was short and sturdy, capable of infinite exertion and endurance; but as for grace and beauty, not even in her teens did it possess one single line. Her sole charm was that peculiarly Hibernian one—

a great mass of very fine blue-black hair, which she hid under a cap, and nobody ever saw it.

But Nature, which had been so negligently to this poor woman in outward things, compensated for it by putting into her the brightest, bravest, truest, peasant nature—the nature of the Irish peasant who, being blessed with a double share of both heart and brains, is capable alike of anything good and anything bad. Bridget, no doubt, had her own capacities for the latter, but they had remained undeveloped; while all the good in her had grown, month by month, and day by day, ever since, at little César's birth, she came as nursemaid into the service of young Mrs. Scanlan.

To her mistress she attached herself at once with the passionate admiration that ugliness sometimes conceives for beauty, coarseness for grace and refinement. And, they being thrown much together, as mothers and nursemaids are, or ought to be, this admiration settled into the most faithful devotion that is possible to human nature. At any time, I think, Bridget would comportedly have gone to be hanged for the sake of her mistress; or rather, dying being a small thing to some people, I think she would have committed for her sake any crime that necessitated hanging. Which is still not saying much, as Bridget's sole consciousness of and distinction between right and wrong was, whether or not Mrs. Scanlan considered it so.

But I have said enough to indicate what sort of person this Irish girl was, and explain why the other girl—still no more than a girl in years, though she was mistress and mother—held towards her a rather closer relation than most ladies do with their servants nowadays. Partly, because Bridget was of Irish, and Mrs. Scanlan of French birth, and in both countries the idiosyncrasy of the people makes the tie between the server and the served a little different from what it is in England. Also, because the enormous gulf externally between Josephine Scanlan *née* de

Bougainville, and Bridget Halloran, nobody's daughter (being taken from a foundling hospital), was crossed easier than many lesser distances, especially by that slender, firm, almost invisible but indestructible bond of a common nature—a nature wholly womanly. They understood one another, these two, almost without a word, on the simple ground of womanhood.

They were discussing anxiously the many, and to them momentous arrangements for the winter, or rather early spring—the new-comer being expected with the violets—but both servant and mistress had quite agreed on the necessity of a little twelve-year-old nursemaid, and had even decided on the village school girl whom they thought most suitable for the office. And then Bridget, seeing her mistress look excessively tired with all her morning's exertions, took the children away into the kitchen, and made their mother lie down on the sofa underneath the window, where she could see the line of road across the common, and watch for Mr. Scanlan's return home.

She was tired, certainly; weary with the sacred weakness, mental and bodily, of impending maternity, but she was neither depressed nor dejected. It was not her nature to be either. God had given her not only strength, but great elasticity of temperament; she had been a very happy-hearted girl, as Josephine de Bougainville, and she was no less so as Josephine Scanlan. She had had a specially happy summer—the happiest, she thought, since she was married; her husband had been so much more her own, and she had enjoyed to the full the pleasure of being sole mistress in her own house, though it was such a little one. I am afraid, if questioned, she would not for one moment have exchanged Wren's Nest for Merion Square.

Nor—equal delusion!—would she have exchanged her own husband, the poor curate of Ditchley, for the richest man alive, or for all the riches he had possessed when she first knew him. She was very fond of him just as he was. She

greatly enjoyed his having no valet, and requiring her to wait upon him hand and foot; it was pleasanter to her to walk across country, ever so far, clinging to his arm, than to be driven along in state, sitting beside him in the grand carriage. And beyond expression sweet to her were the quiet evenings which had come since the winter set in, when no dinner-parties were possible, and after the children were gone to bed the young father and mother sat over the fire, as close together as lovers, and making love quite as foolishly sometimes.

"I suspect, after all, I was made to be a poor man's wife," Josephine would sometimes say to herself, and think over all her duties in that character, and how she could best fulfil them, so that her Edward might not miss his lost riches the least in the world, seeing he had gained, as she had, so much better things.

She lay thinking of him on this wise, very tenderly, when she saw him come striding up to the garden-gate; and her heart beat quicker, as it did still—foolish, fond creature!—at the sight of her young husband—he—girlhood's love. She made an effort to rise and meet him with a bright face and open arms.

But his were closed, and his countenance was dark as night: a very rare thing for the good-tempered, easy-minded Edward Scanlan.

"What is the matter, dear? Are you ill? Has anything happened?"

"Happened, indeed! I should think so! Do you mean to say you don't know—that you never guessed? Look there!"

He threw over to her one of those innocent-looking, terrible little books, called bank-books, and went and flung himself down on the sofa, in exceeding discomposure.

"What is this?"—opening it with some curiosity, for she had never seen the volume before—he had kept it in his desk, being one of those matters of business which, he said, "a woman couldn't understand."

"Nonsense, Josephine! Of course you knew."

"What did I know?"

"That you have been spending so much money that you have nearly ruined me. Our account is overdrawn."

"Our account overdrawn—what does that mean?" she said: not answering, except by a gentle sort of smile, the first half of his sentence. For she could not have been married these five years without learning one small fact—that her Edward sometimes made "large" statements, which had to be received *cum grano*, as not implying more than half he meant, especially when he was a little vexed.

"Mean! It means, my dear, that we have not a halfpenny left in the bank, and that we owe the bank two pounds five—no, seven—I never can remember those stupid shillings!—over and above our account."

"Why did they not tell you before?"

"Of course, they thought it did not matter. A gentleman like me would always keep a banker's account, and could at any time put more money in. But I can't. I have not a penny-piece in the world beside my paltry salary. And it is all your fault—all your fault, Josephine."

Mrs. Scanlan was startled. Not that it was the first time she had been spoken to crossly by her husband: such an idyllic state of concord is quite impossible in ordinary married life, and in this work-a-day world, where men's tempers, and women's too, are rubbed up the wrong way continually; but he had never spoken to her with such sharp injustice. She felt it acutely; and then paused to consider whether it were not possible that Edward was less to blame than she. For she loved him; and, to fond, idealizing love, while the ideal remains unbroken, it is so much easier to accuse oneself than the object beloved.

"It may be my fault, my friend"—she often called him affectionately "my friend," as she remembered hearing her mother address her father as "*mon ami*," and it was her delight to think that the word was no misnomer—every woman's husband should be, besides all else, her best, and dearest,

and closest "friend." "But if it is my fault, I did not mean it, Edward. It was because I did not understand. Sit down here, and try to make me understand."

She spoke quite cheerfully, not in the least comprehending how matters stood, nor how serious was the conjuncture. When it dawned upon her—for, though so young and inexperienced, she had plenty of common sense, and a remarkably clear head at business,—she looked extremely grave.

"I think I do understand now. You put all the money we had, which was a hundred pounds, into the bank, and you have fetched it out for me whenever I asked you for it, or whenever you wanted some yourself, without looking how the account stood—the 'balance,' don't you call it!—and when you went to the bank to-day, you found we had spent it all, and there was nothing left. Isn't that it?"

"Exactly so. What a sharp little girl you are; how quickly you have taken it all in!" said he, a little more good-tempered, having got rid of his crossness by its first ebullition, and being relieved to find how readily she forgave it, and how quietly she accepted the whole thing. For he had a lurking consciousness that, on the whole, he had been a little "foolish," as he called it, himself, and was not altogether free from blame in the transaction.

"Yes, I think I have taken it all in," said she, meditatively, and turning a shade paler. "I comprehend that the money I wanted I cannot get; that we shall be unable to get any more money for anything until Mr. Oldham pays you your next half-yearly salary."

"Just so. But don't vex yourself, my love. It will not signify. We can live upon credit; my father lived upon credit for I don't know how long."

Josephine was silent—through sheer ignorance. Her translation of the word "credit" was moral virtue, universal respect; and she liked to think how deeply her husband was respected in the town; but still she did not understand how his good name would suffice

to pay his butcher's and baker's bills, and other expenses, which seemed to have fallen upon them more heavily than usual this Christmas. To say nothing of another expense—and a strange pang shot through the young mother's heart, to think that it should ever take the shape of a burthen instead of a blessing—the third little olive-branch that was soon to sprout up round that tiny table.

"Edward," she said, looking at him entreatingly—almost tearfully, as if a sudden sense of her weakness had come upon her, and instinctively she turned to her husband for help: "Edward, tell me, if we can get no money, not till May, from Mr. Oldham, what am I to do—in March?"

"Bless my soul, I had forgotten that!" and the young man spoke in a tone of extreme annoyance. "You should have thought of it yourself; indeed, you should have thought of everything a little more. March! how very inconvenient. Well, it can't be helped. You must just manage as well as you can."

"Manage as well as I can," repeated Josephine slowly, and lifted up in his face her great dark, heavy eyes. Perhaps she saw something in that face which she had never seen before, some line which implied it was a weaker face, a shallower face than at first appeared. She had been accustomed to love it without reading it much—certainly without criticising it; but now her need was hard. Still harder, too, when wanting it most, to come for comfort, and find none; or, at least, so little that it was almost none. "He does not understand," she said to herself, and ceased speaking.

"It is very, very provoking, altogether most unfortunate," continued the curate. "But I suppose you can manage, my dear; labourers' wives do, with half the comforts that I hope you will have. Oh dear, a poor curate is much worse off than a day-labourer! But as to the little nursemaid you were speaking to me about this morning, of course you will see at once that

such an additional outlay would be quite impossible. She would eat as much as any two of us; and, indeed, we shall have quite enough mouths to fill—rather too many.”

“Too many!”

It was but a chance word, but it had stabbed her like a sword—the first actual wound her husband had ever given her. And, by nature, Josephine Scanlan was a woman of very acute feelings, sensitive to the slightest wound; not to her pride, or her self-esteem, but to her affections and her strong sense of right and justice. She answered not a syllable; she turned away quietly—and stood looking out of the window towards where Ditchley church-spire rose through the rainy mist. Then she thought, with a sudden, startling fancy, of the churchyard below it, where a grave might open yet,—a grave for both mother and babe—and so save the little household from being “too many.”

It was an idea so dreadful, so wicked, that she thrust it from her in haste and shame, and turned back to her husband, trying to speak in a cheerful voice of other things.

“But what about the two pounds five, or seven—which is it?—that you owe the bank? Of course we must pay it.”

“Oh no, they will trust me; they know I am a gentleman.”

“But does not a gentleman always pay? My father thought so. Whatever comforts we went without, if the landlord came up for our rent, it was ready on the spot. My father used to say, ‘*Noblesse oblige*.’”

“Your father,” began Mr. Scanlan, with a slight sneer in his tone, but stopped. For there stood opposite to him, looking at him with steadfast eyes, the poor Vicomte’s daughter, the beautiful girl he had married—the woman who was now his companion for life, in weal or woe, evil report or good report. She might not have meant it—probably was wholly unconscious of the fact—but she stood more erect than usual, with all the blood of the De Bougainville’s rising in her thin cheeks, and flaming in her sunken eyes.

“I should not like to ask the bank to trust us, Edward; and there is no need. I paid all my bills yesterday for the month, but there are still three sovereigns left in my purse. You can take them, and pay. Will you? At once?”

“There is no necessity. What a terrible hurry you are in! How you do bother a man! But give me the money.”

“Edward!” As he snatched at the offered purse, half jest, half earnest, she detained him. “Kiss me! Don’t go away angry with me. We are never surely beginning to quarrel?”

“Not a bit of it. Only—well, promise to be more careful another time.”

She promised—almost with a sense of contrition—though she did not exactly know what she had to repent of. But when her husband was gone upstairs, and she lay down again, and began calmly thinking the matter over, her sense of justice righted itself, and she saw things clearer—alas! only too clear.

She knew she had erred, but not in the way Edward thought: in quite a contrary direction. How could she, a mistress and mother of a family, have been so unwise as to take everything upon trust, live merrily all that summer, supplying both herself and the household with everything they needed, without inquiring a syllable about the money; where it all came from, how long it would last, and whether she was justified in thus expending it!

“Of course, Edward did not think, could not calculate—it was never his way. His poor mother was right; this was my business, and I have neglected it. But I was so ignorant. And so happy—so happy!”

Her heart seemed to collapse with a strange, cold fear—a forewarning that henceforward she might not too often have that excuse of happiness. It was with difficulty that she restrained herself before her husband; and the minute he had left her,—which he did rather carelessly, and quite satisfied she was “all right now,”—she burst into such



hysterical sobbing, that Bridget in the kitchen heard, and came in.

But when with fond Irish familiarity the girl entreated to know what was the matter, and whether she should run and fetch the master? Mrs. Scanlan gave a decided negative, which surprised Bridget as much as these hysterical tears.

Bridget and her master were not quite upon as good terms as Bridget and her mistress. Mr. Scanlan disliked ugly people; also he treated servants generally with a certain roughness and lordliness, which some people think it necessary to show, just to prove the great difference between them and their masters—which otherwise might not be sufficiently discernible.

But when she saw him from the window striding across the common towards Ditchley, leaving the house and never looking behind him, though he, and he only, must have been the cause of his wife's agitation, either by talking to her in some thoughtless way, or telling her some piece of bad news which he ought to have had the sense to keep to himself, Bridget felt extremely angry with Mr. Scanlan.

However, she was wise enough to hold her tongue, and devote all her efforts to soothe and quiet her mistress, which was finally effected by a most fortunate domestic catastrophe; César and little Adrienne being found quarrelling over the toasting-fork which Bridget had dropped in her hurry, and which was so hot in the prongs that both burnt their fingers, and tottered screaming to their mother's sofa. This brought Mrs. Scanlan to herself at once. She sat up, cuddled them to her bosom, and began comforting them as mothers can—by which she soon comforted herself likewise. Then she looked up at Bridget, who stood by her, silent and grim—poor Bridget's plain face was always so very grim when she was silent—and made a half excuse or apology.

"I can't think what made me turn so ill, Bridget. I have been doing almost nothing all day."

"Doing! No, ma'am, it's not doing,

it's talking," replied Bridget, with a severe and impressive emphasis, which brought the colour to her mistress's cheeks. "But the master's gone to Ditchley, I think, and he can't be back just yet," she added triumphantly; as if the master's absence at this crisis, if a discredit to himself, was a decided benefit to the rest of the household.

"I know. He has gone on business," said Mrs. Scanlan. And then the business he had gone upon, came back upon her mind in all its painfulness; she turned so deadly white once more that Bridget was frightened.

"Oh, ma'am!" she cried, "what in the world has happened?"

(Here I had better state that I make no attempt to give Bridget's brogue. Indeed, when I knew her she had almost none remaining. She had come so early into her mistress's service, and she had lived so long in England, that her Hibernicisms of speech and character had gradually dropped off from her; all except the warm heart and elastic spirit, the shrewd wit, and staunch fidelity, which especially belong to her nation, neutralising many bad qualities, to which miserable experience forces us to give the bitter adjective—so "Irish.")

"Nothing has happened," said Mrs. Scanlan. "I suppose I am not quite so strong as I ought to be, but I shall soon be all right, I hope. Come, Baby, it's near your bed-time; my blessing! don't cry so! it goes to mother's heart."

She roused herself, and began walking up and down with Adrienne in her arms, vainly trying to still her cries and hush her to sleep, but looking herself so wretched all the time, so feeble, and incapable of effort, that Bridget at last said, remonstratively—

"You're not to do that, ma'am. Indeed, you're not."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Scanlan, turning quickly round; "what am I not to do?"

"Not to be carrying that heavy child about. It isn't your business, ma'am, and you're not fit for it. And I'm not going to let you do it, either."

"I must," said Mrs. Scanlan, in a

tone so sharp that Bridget quite started. Her mistress was usually excessively gentle in manner and speech—too gentle, Bridget, who had a tongue of her own, and a temper also, sometimes considered. Nevertheless, the sharpness surprised her, but it was away in a minute.

Mrs. Scanlan turned round with tears in her eyes.

"I did not mean to be cross, Bridget. I only meant that I must learn to do a great many things that I have not hitherto done."

What things? Bridget wanted to know. Because *she* thought the mistress did quite enough, and too much; she should be very glad when they had a second servant.

"No, we shall not have a second servant."

Bridget stared.

"It is quite out of the question. We cannot possibly afford it; Mr. Scanlan says so; and, of course, he knows."

Josephine said this with a certain air of dignity, by which she wished to put a stop to the "arguifying" that she feared; but Bridget, instead, looked so shocked and disconsolate, that her mistress took the other tack, and began to console her.

"Really, we need not mind much about it. A girl of twelve would have been very ignorant and useless, and perhaps more of a trouble than a help; and I shall be able to help much more by and by, and according as I get used to things. I was so very innocent of all house-affairs when I came here," added she, smiling, "but I think I grow cleverer every day now."

"Ma'am, you're the cleverest lady I ever knew. And you took to house-keeping like a duck to the water. More's the pity! you that can play music, and talk foreign tongues, and work beautiful with your fingers—and there you are washing dishes, and children's clothes, and children—with those same pretty fingers. I'd like to tie 'em up in a bag."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Scanlan, laughing outright now: she and Bridget often laughed together, with their French

and Irish light-heartedness, even amidst the hardest work, and the cloudiest days. "But seriously, think how many mothers have to take care of their own children without any nursemaid—without any help at all—and I have yours. And three will not be much more trouble than two; indeed, this morning one of my neighbours consoled me by saying that, after two children, even ten did not make much difference."

"And we may have ten!" said Bridget, with a very long face; and a grave personal appropriation of the responsibility, which at first made her mistress laugh again:—then suddenly turn grave, muttering to herself something in French. For the first time it had occurred to Mrs. Scanlan, that circumstances might arise in which these gifts of God were not altogether blessings. The thought was so painful, so startling, that she could not face it. She drove it back, with all the causes which had suggested it, into the innermost corners of her heart. And with her heart's vision she utterly refused to see—what to her reason's eyes would have been clear enough—that her husband had acted like a child, and been as vexed as a child when his carelessness came to light. Also that the carelessness as to worldly matters, which does not so much signify when a man is a bachelor—and has nobody to harm but himself (if ever such a state of isolation is possible)—becomes an actual sin when he is married and has others depending on him,—others whom his least actions must affect vitally, for good or ill.

But as she walked up and down the room, rocking Edward's child to sleep—Adrienne was the one of her babies most like the father, César being entirely a De Bougainville—Josephine could not think hardly of her Edward. He would grow wiser in time, and meanwhile the least said or thought of his mistake the better. Nor did she communicate any further of it to Bridget, beyond saying, that, besides omitting the little nursemaid, they would henceforward have to be doubly economical: for Mr. Scanlan, and herself, had decided they were

spending a great deal more than they ought.

"Ugh!" said Bridget, and asked no more questions: for she was a little afraid of even her sweet young mistress when it pleased her to assume that gentle reserve. But the shrewd servant, nevertheless, made up her mind that, by fair means or foul, by direct inquiry, or by the exercise of that sharp Irish wit, in which the girl was by no means deficient—she would find out what had passed between the husband and wife, to make her mistress so ill. Also, whether there was any real occasion for her master's extraordinary stinginess.

"It's not his way! quite the contrary," thought she, when, while Mrs. Scanlan

was hushing baby to sleep, she slipped up and put to rights the one large room which served as bed-room for both parents and children: finding Mr. Scanlan's clothes scattered over César's little bed; crumpled shirts without end (for he had been dressing to dine out); and half-a-dozen pairs of soiled lavender gloves. "What business has he to wear lavender kid gloves, I should like to know!" said Bridget to herself, rather severely. "They'd have bought Master César two pair of boots, or the mistress a new bonnet. Ugh! men are queer creatures—I'm glad I wasn't a man, anyhow."

*To be continued.*

## THE ITALY OF TO-DAY.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

"ORA media di Roma,"—the mean time of Rome. There is not much in the words; and yet reading them, as I read them the other day, they seemed to me to symbolize the change which the last ten years have wrought in Italy. In the low gloomy shed which forms the station-house of Susa, there stands a tall clock, on whose white face those words are inscribed. And it thus happens, that they present the first sign of Italy, which offers itself to the traveller journeying southwards across the Alps. In the old diligence days, you passed by a series of slow stages from France into Italy; but now, thanks to the Mont-Cenis railroad, the transition is effected suddenly. It is getting dark as you leave St. Michel, a village French in look and language; and you wake up, from the troubled nightmare-sleep of your journey across the mountain, to find yourself in the very heart of Italy. If this self-same Susa station, with its dark corridors, its dirt-beladen *restorazione*, its swarms of idlers, beggars, and loafers, be a place not unfamiliar to you, in bygone days, your first thought is one of satisfaction, that, after all, Italy is the same as in the old era; and yet your second thought, as your eyes are caught by the inscription, "*Ora media di Roma*," is that the Italy of to-day must be other than the one over which grand dukes and German generals ruled so long.

It was my fortune to have seen much of Italy and Italians during the years of her revolution, and those which immediately preceded its outbreak; but with the exception of a short visit to the Peninsula, at the time when everything was thrown out of gear by the campaign of Custozza, I had seen nothing of Italy since the creation of the Italian kingdom. To me, therefore, there attached

something of personal interest to the question, what of practical, tangible, material change, have freedom and independence brought to the nation whose resurrection it was my lot to witness? Of late, I in common with most English newspaper readers, had seen constant assertions made by correspondents and leader-writers, that Italy had made no progress; that the people were worse off than they were of old; and that the regeneration of the Peninsula had ended in idle declamation. Knowing something myself of newspaper-writing, as well as newspaper-reading, I confess I was not much impressed with this reaction from the phil-Italian mania, which raged in the English press some few years ago; but still, the comments made me curious to note the actual change and progress which liberty and self-government have brought to Italy. The result of what I observed on a recent visit to that country, and of such information as I have been able to acquire, let me now try and make known briefly, to the readers of *Macmillan*.

In any estimate of the progress, or want of progress, that Italy has made within the last ten years, some allowance must fairly be granted for the terrible political difficulties with which the newborn kingdom has had to contend. How far those difficulties might have been obviated by a different policy than that which has been pursued, is a question on which I need not enter. Under whatever dynasty, with whatever form of government, and beneath the guidance of whatever statesmen, grave errors and faults must have been committed in the process of converting the old into the new; and I do not think myself that the mistakes of Italy during her years of learning have been greater than those of other countries during a like period.

It is perhaps unfortunate that from a variety of causes the only English public which takes any genuine interest in the affairs of the Peninsula, derives its information and its opinions almost exclusively from adherents of the Garibaldian and Mazzinian party; and yet, judging by their words and actions, the leaders of this party know as little, whether for good or evil, of the Italy of to-day as the returned *émigrés* knew of the France of the Restoration. I remember, in 1860, Mazzini saying at Naples, in the presence of the writer, "In Italy I can see nothing but graves;" and the saying, understood in a somewhat different sense from that in which the words were spoken, has always seemed to me to explain the whole failure of the Mazzinian party since Italy became a free country. Indeed, the course of events has confirmed a view I have held throughout, that the invasion of the Two Sicilies by Garibaldi, and their consequent annexation to the Italian kingdom, was a very doubtful benefit to the cause the General had so much at heart. Italy, according to the famous dictum of Machiavelli, is an artichoke, which must be eaten leaf by leaf, not swallowed in a mouthful; and if Cavour could have followed his own device, he would never have abandoned the so-called artichoke policy. The great founder of Italian unity intended to do south of the Alps what Count Bismarck is now doing for Germany north of the Alps. His purpose was to absorb state after state in the Sub-Alpine kingdom, or, in the phrase of the day, to Piedmontize Italy, just as Bismarck is Prussianizing Germany. The course of events, and the impatience of the Garibaldians, rendered the prosecution of this scheme an impossibility; and the southern provinces, whose civilization, culture, and education were at least two centuries behind that of Northern Italy, were suddenly incorporated, without preliminary training of any kind, with the northern kingdom, in which the vigorous Piedmontese element was as yet barely able to hold its supremacy. If Italy had been governed by a despotic

ruler, or by a military dictatorship, the evil of the annexations would have been comparatively trifling. But under a national parliamentary government, the semi-civilized southern provinces were suddenly called upon to take an active part in the administration of the whole country. In these provinces, as late as the year 1861, ninety per cent. of the inhabitants were unable to read or write. Throughout the dominions of the Neapolitan Bourbons there was no intellectual life or movement of any kind. What meagre knowledge there was was confined to the clergy; and the only men who possessed any smattering of intelligence were the *impiegati*, or officials of government, whose moral training had been of the most degrading order. Suddenly, towns in which there was neither shop, nor inn, nor newspaper, nor book-stall—towns to which there were no public conveyances, and no roads accessible to anything but mules, were called upon to elect deputies; to take part in the administration of the State. In 1848, parliamentary institutions were established for a brief season at Naples. It was not difficult to find candidates for the Lower Chamber; there was a sufficient supply of lawyers, professional men, and professors, who could discharge the ordinary duties of a representative. But it was found almost impossible to constitute an Upper Chamber, owing to the utter lack of nobles or landed proprietors who had education enough to perform the routine work of legislation. The upper classes had learnt nothing during the later years of Bomba's rule; and even if the constituencies had possessed the electoral experience required, there were no candidates for them to choose. In fact, to any one who knows the condition of the southern provinces, the apathy and ignorance and demoralization of their population, and the ingrained corruption of the official class, to which education is practically confined, the only marvel is that the Italian Parliament, with its immense contingent of Neapolitan members, has worked as well as it has done.

Then, too, it is absurd to pronounce

Italian unity a failure because it has not reformed the various social evils under which Italy labours. It must be remembered, that if we except Piedmont, and possibly Tuscany, the present generation of Italians has been born, reared, and bred under a most vicious system of government. After all, it is only boys of fourteen, at the outside, who can be said to have been trained under the influences of freedom. There would be no particular injury in despotism, and foreign domination, and priest-rule, if they left the virtues of a nation so little impaired that half a dozen years of respite sufficed to restore them to full action. Unfortunately this is not the case. Till the time, now not ten years ago, when Napoleon III. dealt a death-blow at Solferino to the supremacy of Austria in Italy, and to all the evils which that supremacy involved, there was neither freedom of speech, nor thought, nor writing, in the major part of the Peninsula; and amongst the Southern Italians there was little or nothing of that native energy of intellect to be found at times amidst the most corrupt and ignorant of races. Private honour, public faith, and family virtue were alike unknown in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The arts by which men rose into court favour were of a kind which destroyed all self-respect on the part of the successful competitor. Bribery was the recognised method by which justice was obtained; and the taking of bribes was the acknowledged recompense for the outlay and trouble required to obtain employment in the service of the State. In fact it is not too much to say that the Neapolitan *régime* united the opposite old and almost incompatible disadvantages of an Oriental and a Western government. And yet, with all this, the practical administration of Southern Italy has remained perforce in the hands of officials corrupt to the core, indolent to the backbone, and attached, as far as they were capable of any positive preference, to the old order of things which existed before the revolution. In a less degree this remark holds good of the whole of the Peninsula,

and it is impossible to form any fair estimate of what constitutional governments and free institutions can do for Italy, till the working out of these agencies comes into the hands of a generation not degraded and demoralized by the most stupid and bigoted oppression.

This observation, I think, disposes of the allegation so commonly made against the Italians, that they have not evinced any high moral improvement since the epoch of their national regeneration. Whether they have done so or not is a question on which it is very easy to pronounce an opinion evolved out of one's own consciousness; very hard to speak authoritatively, if evidence is to be given for one's belief. But, even granting the truth of the imputation, I contend that sufficient time has not elapsed to expect the development of honesty, good faith, patriotism, and self-respect in a soil, wherein ten years ago these qualities were entirely wanting. Moral plants have no visible roots by the pulling up of which you can ascertain, no matter at what cost to the growth, whether the plant is growing. I hold, therefore, that those who would estimate what Italy has gained by independence, must look as yet to the material, not the moral results of free institutions. Railroads and manufacturing, and imports and exports, are not the end and object of a nation's existence, but yet they are essential to any high and noble national life in these days of ours. Man is not to live by bread alone; but for all that, he would find it impossible to live without bread.

For this reason the words "Mean time of Rome" with which this paper is commenced, have, to my mind, an important lesson of their own. For the first occasion in the history of the country, there is now one uniform time throughout the whole of Italy. From Savona in the west to Mestre in the east, from Arona in the north to Bari in the south, the departure and arrival of all hours is regulated by the hour of Rome. Something of a political signification may attach to the choice of



Rome, rather than Florence, as the place which is to give the time of day to Italy; but the selection of some uniform clock standard has become a practical necessity. Up to 1859, the country was almost unprovided with railways, if you except Piedmont and Lombardy. There were a few local lines, of which those between Leghorn and Florence, Rome and Civita Vecchia, Naples and Castellamare, were the principal; but there was no kind of railway communication between Northern, Central, and Southern Italy. In 1860, I recollect, I had to travel from Turin to Naples with such speed as I could manage, going by public conveyances. The journey cost me some four days and a half of weary travelling, with continual changes, delays, and stoppages. That journey you can now take any day in twenty hours, without changing your carriage. No doubt, the increase in the rapidity of transit thus effected is not greater than that which the last quarter of a century has effected in the journeys between Paris and Lyons; or, for that matter, between London and Edinburgh. But in England and France, the change effected was one of degree rather than kind. Long before the railway whistle was ever heard in England, there was regular, constant, and convenient communication between all the chief towns of the country. But, in Italy, travelling was almost unknown, except on the great trunk roads; travelling for pleasure was entirely confined to foreign tourists, and travelling for business was a rare occurrence. In the northern and central provinces there was a good deal of local travelling from town to town; but, in the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples, there was no travelling, for the one single and satisfactory reason, that there were hardly any roads by which you could travel in carriages. Even between the different provinces of the South, communication by road was out of the question. Up to the overthrow of the Bourbon rule, there were only two *mallepostes* a week, holding four people inside and one out, by which you could travel from the capital

of Naples either to the Adriatic coast or along the eastern shores of the kingdom. If, by any chance, you wished to go to any town lying off the two high roads to Brindisi and Reggio, you were obliged to undertake a difficult, costly, and perilous journey on mules. All this is now changed. Within ten years, the Peninsula has been covered by a complete network of railroads. In fact, though many of the trunk-lines in the South are still in process of construction, I should doubt whether there were now any two towns in the Peninsula, numbering 20,000 inhabitants or upwards, between which you could not travel by railroad, by a more or less circuitous route. No doubt, in the southern provinces, the country districts, as well as the railroads, suffered terribly from the absence of roads. It is much easier, practically, to get from Turin to Bari than from any station south of Ancona to a town twenty miles off the railroad. Roads, however, will come in time; and, even as it is, the mere presence of railroads has roused Calabria, and Apulia, and the Abruzzi from the dead stagnation in which they have been sunk for so many centuries. During the years when I travelled much about Italy, I cannot recall ever having met an Italian family, and scarcely any Italian tourist, visiting any part of the country in which they did not happen to reside. The other day I met numbers of wealthy Italians from the south visiting the northern cities as tourists, and, for the first time, at the *table-d'hôtes* of fashionable hotels in Italy, I found the dominant language was neither French nor English, but Italian.

While speaking of railroads, it is worth while to allude to a circumstance which is usually lost sight of in all discussions about Italian progress. No argument is needed to show that, on the whole, the introduction of railroads is an immense boon to the commercial and internal prosperity of any country. On the other hand, our own experience is sufficient to prove that this general advantage is attended with considerable loss to individual towns and districts.

This is especially the case in Italy. If you leave the plains of the North out of account, you may say that the whole population of the Peninsula lives in small towns perched on the summits of low hills or the slopes of lofty ones. Italy will never fulfil her destiny as a great agricultural country till the small town population is scattered over the country; and anything which tends to bring about this change is a substantial benefit to the community.

But, during the transition period, there must inevitably be a good deal of suffering and injury. The railroads which run along the valleys have left the hill-top towns stranded high and dry. The large cities, like Bologna or Ancona, which lie in central positions, have become the markets of their surrounding districts, to the detriment of the petty towns which used to be the commercial centres of some small area of their own; and the consequence is, that many of these little out-of-the-way cities have been going down in the world ever since railroads were introduced; and, as the introduction of railroads has happened to coincide with the overthrow of the old *régime*, local prejudice has attributed to the latter cause the evils due to the former. I believe that this is the explanation of the complaints which tourists often hear made in out-of-the-way parts of Italy about the new order of things, as it may also explain to some degree the extreme satisfaction with which this same state of things is viewed in the towns which have gained by railroads.

The moral obstacles which formerly stood in the way of any free intercourse between different parts of the Peninsula have been removed no less effectually than the material hindrances to which I have alluded. As late as 1859, if you travelled, say from Novara to Bologna,—a distance, as the crow flies, of one hundred and fifty miles,—you would have had to pass through five different States, with custom-houses, coinage, laws, and governments of their own. Long before that period all Italian governments had

learnt that English tourists were profitable, and not dangerous to the cause of order; and it had become an established rule to allow them many exemptions in all matters of police regulations not conceded to natives. Yet every Englishman who has travelled in Northern Italy before the annexations can recall memories of constant inspections of luggage, of repeated supervision of passports, of summonses to appear at the *Polizia*, which were always avoided by the agency of a *valet de place*, of never-ending necessity of bribing somebody in authority. And to the natives these restrictions were not idle annoyances, but serious grievances. If you were an Italian travelling from one State to another, it was no joking matter to incur suspicion, whether with or without reason, or to excite the displeasure of any custom-house official or police agent. Now all this is changed; you can travel from one end of Italy to another, unless you are compelled to pass through the Papal States, without a passport, without being asked a question by anybody; you can stop where you like and when you like, without having to declare your name, or having to give any explanation as to your business or occupation, unless it so pleases you to do. This change alone is an unspeakable boon to a nation like the Italians, in which the instinct of individual independence is strongly developed, and which has neither taste nor talent for State interference in private matters. It is no doubt theoretically possible that even if the old divisions of the Peninsula had been maintained, a like result might have been obtained by a Customs league, similar to the *Zollverein*. But then such a league, if it had existed, must, in Italy as in Germany, have created political as well as commercial unity, so that the result would have been the same in the end.

Statistics are unsatisfactory evidence at the best, and in the case of Italy they are singularly unreliable. In many of the States there were no trustworthy trade returns issued; and such returns

as there were have not been collected in such a form as to facilitate any comparison between the commercial development of old and new Italy. The last census was taken in 1861, and therefore it is impossible to say to what extent the population has increased since the unification of the country. It is, however, known that all the great towns have had a large influx of inhabitants. With respect to the exports and imports, there is no doubt about the increase having been very large, though how large it is not easy to ascertain. In 1866, notwithstanding the injury that the war inflicted on all kinds of commerce, the imports of Italy amounted to thirty-one millions sterling in value, the exports to eighteen millions. Some idea of the character of the foreign trade of Italy may be given by the following account of the chief exports and imports for 1868, published in a recent number of the *Correspondance Italienne* :—

	EXPORTS. FRANCS.	IMPORTS. FRANCS.
Bread Stuffs . .	37,000,000	98,000,000
Wines and Oil . .	126,000,000	37,000,000
Fruits . . . .	58,000,000	3,000,000
Flax and Linen . .	32,000,000	19,000,000
Silk . . . . .	177,000,000	130,000,000
Iron . . . . .	9,000,000	50,000,000
Glass . . . . .	1,000,000	8,000,000

These figures are insignificant, if we compare them with those of English, or German, or French commerce; but they are important, if we consider the almost total stagnation of trade in Southern Italy previous to the Revolution. And for my own part, I entertain much doubt whether Italy is likely to become a great centre of commerce for many years to come. It is the fashion to talk of the inexhaustible natural resources of the Peninsula, but I have never been able to see much proof of their existence. An immense proportion of the superficial area of the country consists of steep mountain-sides, on which there is next to no vegetation. With improved means of internal communication, and a better system of agriculture, Italy might produce much

larger supplies of corn, and wine, and oil, and cattle, than she does at present; but then, with the increase of her production of these articles, her consumption is sure to increase also. And in the supply of the foreign market, I cannot but think that other nations are likely to compete with her on more than equal terms. I own too, pending positive proof to the contrary, I feel sceptical as to Italy developing manufactures to any great extent. Not to dwell on the absence of coal and the lack of capital, I fancy the genius of the nation is not suited for factory life. The instinctive artistic talent which makes any Italian mechanic something of an artist as well as a workman, is hardly consistent with the mechanical labours of mills or looms. It would be unjust to call the Italian workman an indolent man, as after his own fashion he will work hard enough; but then, to do anything, he must work after his own fashion, and that fashion involves an amount of rest and holiday incompatible with the dull, never-ending round of our great factories. Moreover, all successful mechanical enterprise on a large scale involves a good deal of mutual confidence between workmen and masters, as well as between the workmen themselves. Now it is not the least of the many evil legacies which ill-government has bestowed on Italy, that this confidence does not exist. Suspicion is ingrained in the Italian nature, and extends from the highest to the lowest class. Hitherto all joint-stock enterprises have been mainly conducted in Italy with foreign capital, and by foreign speculators; and the same distrust which hinders Italian capitalists from co-operating with each other, acts as a bar to the establishment of any important manufacturing industry. Many years must pass before an Italian believes that his associate, agent, or partner is not making a private purse for himself out of joint profits.

It does not, however, follow, even if I am right in my opinion, that Italy is not destined in the immediate future to become a great purveyor of agricultural produce or manufacturing

industry, that therefore she is doomed to poverty. A nation may be prosperous and powerful which only provides the supply necessary for its own consumption; and large material wealth is by no means an essential requisite for national greatness. Italy, if I am not mistaken, will excel in quality rather than quantity. Amongst her people there is still found a sort of art instinct which qualifies them for creating the samples, if I may use the term, from which other nations will reproduce the bulk. If you wish to learn the special aptitude of Italian workmen, you cannot do better than go to the Salviati glass factory at Murano, by Venice. The Queen of the Adriatic possesses doubtless certain advantages of soil and position, which bestowed upon her in bygone times the monopoly of the glass cut trade; yet other places possess nowadays equal or greater advantages; and yet, in spite of centuries of neglect, Venice has maintained the traditions of her wondrous craft. Somehow or other, the artificers of Murano possess a cunning and skill in manipulating and colouring vitreous substances not to be found elsewhere. The story of the place is that certain recipes and secrets are handed down from father to son by the islanders of that strange seafaring glass-blowing lagoon city, and that peculiar forms and kinds of glass can only be wrought by the members of particular households. For my own part, I deem the secret of Murano glass-making still to be of a far simpler and less romantic kind. You have only to look at the workmen engaged in Salviati's factory to see that each one of them is exercising an individual talent, not copying a model with mechanical fidelity. Thus it has happened that while Murano has filled Europe with wonderful fabrics of glass of every shape and shade, the common household glass in use throughout Italy, and in Venice itself, is supplied from France and Germany.

Italy seems designed by her natural configuration, and by her historical traditions, to monopolize the carrying trade

of the Mediterranean; and if she is ever to attain great commercial prosperity, it must be by a revival of her old maritime supremacy in the Levant and the Adriatic. Very vigorous efforts have been made to restore the splendid natural harbours of the Peninsula to their pristine importance. At Genoa, Venice, Ancona, Brindisi, Spezia, and other towns on the sea-board, large sums of money have been spent in improving the sea-approaches of the ports. What is of more real promise for the future, numerous lines of unsubventioned steamers have been started from the different ports, and many of them, from the length of time that they have been running, must be worked with success. In fact, I think you could find few more certain evidences of the progress which Italy has made under the present Government, than to take an Italian "Orario" of ten years ago, if such a work could be found, and compare the number of steamers advertised therein to sail from Italian ports, with the lists supplied in the time-tables of the present day. Without having the figures before one it is impossible to calculate the exact increase; but if my impression is not far wrong, I should say that for one steamer which plied regularly from an Italian harbour in 1859, there are ten in 1869. The mercantile marine of the Peninsula, according to the latest returns, consists of sixteen thousand vessels, averaging about fifty tons burden.

Very great, and, as I fancy, exaggerated hopes are based by the Italians on the probable substitution of Brindisi for Marseilles as the port of departure and arrival for the Overland Mails. Whenever the Victor-Emmanuel Tunnel is completed through Mont-Cenis—which it will be in three or four years—and trains can run right through without a break from Paris, or Calais, to Brindisi, I cannot doubt that Eastward-bound travellers will go by this route; and the hotels and shopkeepers of Turin and Brindisi will derive much profit from their custom. Whether the country will derive any

especial benefit from the mere transit of our Indian mails once a fortnight, is a point on which I do not feel equally certain. In the same way I do not share the Italian estimate of the immense advantages they reckon on obtaining from the opening of the Suez Canal. That, however, is a question on which Italians as well as other Continental nations are convinced, that no Englishman can form an unprejudiced judgment. We seem to have been wrong in our national conviction, that the canal through the Isthmus could never be made; we may be equally wrong in our conviction, that it will never be used when made. Still I would wish that the Italians relied more on the development of their own country and transit trade, less on the somewhat problematical gains to be obtained from the Overland Mail and the Suez Canal.

I recollect once making a voyage with a French sea-captain, who had been engaged for forty years in sailing between Marseilles and the Levant, who told me it was his solemn and deliberate conviction, that every league you sailed east from Marseilles you found a corresponding decline in the physical, moral, and mental worth of the towns you touched at. Italy was worse than France, Greece worse than Italy, and Turkey even worse than Greece herself. Whatever truth there may be in the theory, I am convinced that travellers would take a far more favourable view of Italy if they habitually entered it from the east instead of the west, south in lieu of north. As it is, tourists always come to it either from France, or Switzerland, or Germany—countries in which material civilization has undoubtedly been carried to a far higher pitch; and the result is, that they notice the positive inferiority of the southern land, and overlook the signs of relative improvement to be seen by those who can use their eyes. It is all very well to sing about "the land of the cypress and myrtle," but, as a matter of fact, there is an untidiness, a shiftlessness, and a lack of vigorous energy

about Italy and the Italians which seem at first sight, to northern eyes, incompatible with any high material development. Many and valid excuses may be urged for the extent to which unthrift, and indolence, and immorality prevail throughout the Peninsula. Indeed—given such government, and such political and social conditions as have existed in Italy for centuries—I do not see how the result could have well been other than it has been. Still, I admit freely, that unless a free national life develops higher qualities than the nation, as a nation, as yet possesses, no very high degree of national culture or greatness can be looked for south of the Alps. All I contend is, that it is far too early to pronounce positively as to the effects of the political emancipation of the Peninsula, and that such symptoms as are forthcoming point to a favourable judgment. If you want to learn what Italian towns were ten years ago, you can learn easily enough by visiting one of the provincial cities which still enjoy the blessing of being subject to the rule of the Holy See. You will find there an utter apparent stagnation—a dead, dull monotony. No houses are being built; no papers are published; no shops are open, otherwise, with any pretension to be more than mere dépôts of miscellaneous goods; no bookstalls are to be found; there is no movement in the streets, no indication of any active public life. But wherever the Sub-alpine kingdom, as the Vatican still delights to call the *Regno d'Italia*, has pushed its railroads, there is life, and movement, and change. Take the city of Milan as an instance. It was a town always much frequented by tourists; it was the head-quarters of the Austrian Government in Italy; it was governed, like all the Austrian possessions, by an administration which reflected most favourably on the administrations of all the purely Italian States; it was the centre then, as it is now, of the trade of Lombardy. Materially, it can hardly be said to have gained by its annexation to Italy. It lost its quasi-imperial character, it



gained nothing beyond the freedom common to any one of its many commercial rivals. And yet, since the day that the Austrians quitted it ten years ago, it has become a changed city. New quarters have been erected, splendid public buildings have been added to the town, which now boasts, amongst other things, of one of the most magnificent railway termini upon the Continent, and of the finest arcade in the world. The shops which line the Corso rival those of Paris and Vienna in brilliancy; and, though the name of "Milan improvements" may possibly be distasteful to many English speculators, there can be no doubt of the fact that the improvements are remunerative to the city if not to the foreign shareholders. I know of no town in Italy, and few in Europe, where the hotels are so handsome or so good as in the Lombard capital; and two of the best of them—the Cavour and the Villa de Milano—lay themselves out for native, not for tourist, custom. I can remember the time, a very few years ago, when the only papers published in Milan were the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* and a few literary and dramatic broadsheets. At the present day Milan has as many daily papers as London, one of which, the *Perseveranza*, is entitled to rank in the first class of Continental journals. The sale of newspapers in the streets is very large; book-stalls are plentiful; and the only institution in Milan which seems to me to have suffered from the overthrow of the old régime is the Opera of La Scala, which misses sadly the custom of the music-loving Austrian garrison.

Milan, no doubt, is an exceptional instance of Italian progress; but a similar change may be seen in any one of the principal Italian towns. Visit such dead-alive cities as Verona, or Modena, or Bologna, or Padua, and you will see in all of them the evidences of increased activity, of new speculation, of a larger and freer life. The streets are being improved and enlarged, the shops are brighter, the hotels and cafés better; there is more movement about the streets; there are new book-stores

opened, and in every town of any size there is a daily local press. If any town has suffered from recent changes, it is Turin; and yet the old capital of Piedmont is busier and more prosperous-looking than it was even in the days when for a time it was the capital of the kingdom. In fact, the only towns I visited in free Italy where there were no signs of the place being go-a-head were, characteristically enough, Ravenna and Loretto—towns in which from accidental circumstances the clerical element still reigns supreme.

One of the most obvious changes in Italy—and to my view one of the most hopeful symptoms for the future of the country—is the extraordinary development of the Press throughout the whole of the country. It may be said that, intellectually, these Italian papers are of no great value. They are, it is true, constructed mainly after the French model—give but little news—are violent in their language—personal in their abuse of one another, and much addicted to declamation. The system of advertising is in its infancy in Italy; the people are naturally penurious about small expenses; papers have to be brought out at a very low price, and, in consequence, there are very few of them which are at all valuable commercial properties, or which can afford any outlay on reporters or contributors. The result of this state of things is that they are mostly written by professional men of no great standing, or graduates fresh from the schools, or minor Government officials, who, in default of direct remuneration, try to make a more or less honest profit from their journalistic pursuits. Still by degrees journalism is becoming more of a profession in Italy than it has ever been before; and there are several influential papers, like the *Nazione* of Florence, which are really profitable concerns, and command such talent as is available. Moreover, I noted a decided change in the character of the Italian papers since the period when I was formerly in the habit of perusing them. They had become more local and less national—more full of news,



less liberal of general essays. Even in the minor cities the press has letters about local grievances; enters into discussions on local politics; and reports local incidents to an extent unknown long after 1859, the date from which most modern Italian newspapers reckon their existence. In fact there is growing up, if the press is a fair indication, an active local life throughout the Peninsula; and it is no small gain if the Italians are getting to think more of their own household affairs, less of foreign politics and international questions.

Even, however, taking the periodical literature of Italy at the lowest estimate, no candid observer can overlook the evidences of the intellectual craving of which the mere existence of such an infinite number of local journals is abundant proof. According to M. Monnier's statement, in 1861, out of twenty-two millions who formed the then *Regno d'Italia*, seventeen could neither read nor write. Yet, in spite of the lack of the most elementary education amidst the masses, the demand for newspapers of some kind is more wide-spread throughout Italy than in any other country with which I am acquainted, except the United States of America. In the same way schools are springing up in every direction. I am told that the adult schools are largely attended. It is certain that you cannot go through any decent-sized Italian town without noticing newly-painted placards over many a door-way, announcing that schools for boys or girls are held within. In other words, tuition has become a profitable trade, which it never was in the good old days of the grand-dukes and legates.

The very grumbling against the Government and the new *régime*, of which

you read so much in the public prints of Italy, and hear so much in private conversation, appears to me a healthy symptom. On the Pincio steps at Rome, leading from the Piazza di Spagna, there used to be—and I dare say still is—an old beggar, who always droned out as you passed him, "*Cattivi tempi*," (The times are bad!) and then held out his hand for alms. The crouching mendicant droning over the hardness of the times always seemed to me a type of Italy before the Revolution. But the grumbling you hear nowadays has no kinship with that of the Roman beggar. That the times are hard, and out of joint, is the opinion of many free Italians, but they look to mend them by their own efforts, not by an appeal to the charity of foreigners. An Italian deputy, whose patriotism, according to the views of the Garibaldian school, would be deemed of no very advanced order, who holds that Italy can manage very well without Rome for the present, and who believes the red-shirted volunteers did very little towards the emancipation of their country, assured me the other day that whatever amount of irritation you might hear expressed at the alleged shortcomings of the Government, you would not find a single man, not directly connected with the Church or the deposed dynasties, who would not admit that anything was preferable to the re-establishment of the ancient *régime*. And this statement I believe to express fairly the popular sentiment of the Italy of to-day. The revolution, which upset the Bourbons and expelled the Austrians, is not yet ended; but, short as its duration has been, it has already lasted long enough to teach the Italians that no price is too heavy to pay for unity.

## OXFORD REFORM.

It may be well to promise at the outset that this paper shall attempt no more than to consider Oxford reform from a social point of view. At a time when law-makers are wishing to administer gentle alternatives to our religious constitution; when Alma Mater is making room for unattached students in her ample lap; when old colleges are sending out young shoots, and new colleges are sprouting; it might be reasonably feared that the writer who chose such an ambitious title as "Oxford Reform" for his article meant to treat his subject in a religious, a political, or, at best, in an architectural way. But here no criticisms are to be dreaded upon abolition of tests, or upon the recently-instituted delegates, or upon the new buildings of Balliol and Keble Colleges. It is intended only to talk about the lightest side of social life at Oxford in the lightest possible way; to consider some manners and customs of undergraduates as they really are; to write, in fact, something like a *natural* history of an Oxford man. Moreover, theories and doctrines must be sacrificed, in order to give facts fair play. It is desired only to be historic; scarcely to be dogmatic; to be didactic, least of all.

It may possibly startle many who are accustomed to look upon a university as a place intended exclusively for the acquirement of religious and useful learning, to find that at Oxford learning occupies so small a space. It will hardly be denied that, in the apparatus of Oxford culture, the social element practically triumphs over the intellectual. Mr. Froude, when he was at St. Andrew's some time ago, was rather bitter upon this subject, and made it an objection to Oxford education that it failed to fit a man for any trade but that of a gentleman. The sarcasm perhaps is not altogether gratuitous; but it may be that the blame does not rest upon the University itself. If Oxford be reviled for sending out fewer philosophers than

gentlemen, the retort must be that more men go to Oxford to learn to be gentlemen than to learn to be philosophers. Remarks upon this topic are well-nigh worn threadbare, but they may be furnished up again until new ones are procurable. In Scotland a father sends his boy to Aberdeen, or Glasgow, or St. Andrew's, to pick up so much hard knowledge. In England it will probably be found that a very large percentage of undergraduates are sent to Oxford or Cambridge to learn manner. Of course, in many cases this reason is not given explicitly. Many a father and mother take their son from a public school, and send him on to the university as to a great finishing establishment. Some in this, as in other matters, are followers of the fashion. Others, again, wish their sons to do the same as they did themselves. Not unfrequently a man chooses to spend the customary amount of time and money at Oxford or Cambridge, because it is a very convenient and pleasant method of getting over a rather inconvenient time of life, or because there is absolutely nothing else for him to do. Often the object is avowedly enjoyment, which truly enough the universities supply in plenty. Thus a college is looked upon by some as an indispensable luxury; by some as a club, a hunting-box, or an agreeable lounge; by others, as has been said above, as a finishing school. How many men at present in residence at Oxford or Cambridge will declare honestly that they are there chiefly for the sake of the libraries and the lectures? If they are there with any other main object, they must confess that to them a university is a place of social, not of intellectual, education. This is, of course, not intended as an exhaustive criticism upon work in Oxford. In many colleges a man who did not read for the whole of the morning would be the exception; while not a few, after their afternoon exercise, set to work again in the evening. Thus

there is really a great amount of book-work done. Still, in all Oxford, reading men are certainly in a minority. A very good "tale of two cities" might be told of Oxford seen from two points of view; but there would be less to be said of "a city at work" than of "a city at play."

It is very difficult to write about university matters without being unintelligible to general readers. In the first place, many of our technical expressions seem to have been very arbitrarily contrived, and to bear very little historical or etymological reference to the thing which they represent. A person who knows nothing of Oxford will probably see nothing "small" in Responsions, nothing "moderate" in Moderations, nothing "great" in examination for degree. The fond parent, again, who hears that his son has given a "wine," may, if his imagination be strong, conjure up an awful picture of noise and excess in place of the very modest reality. If he knows that his son is "training," how will he not shudder for fear of injury to heart, lungs, and sinews? What outsider that hears "boating" mentioned will believe how thoroughly the simple amusement has developed into the serious business? How shall a mother not tremble to read of "floored sconces," or (still more dreadful!) of "weekly batels"? Will not her maternal heart sink to hear that her boy has been in for "grinds" or has run a "dead heat"? Our difficulties, however, do not even end here. They are very much augmented by the fact that many persons have a certain knowledge of Oxford matters which is worse than ignorance. These form their notions of life at Christ Church or Balliol from the pages of college novels, and are perfectly ready to look upon "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green" as the correct handbook to Oxford. Really good novels are nowadays by no means too plentiful; but of all bad novels the tribe of college novels which have appeared lately are the worst. "Tom Brown at Oxford," as a book with a purpose, does not come into our category of college novels; but other books which affect to describe

Oxford manners are bad, inasmuch as they are untrue without any excuse for their untruth. If an author is forced to attempt a dull subject, he may claim allowances if he endeavours to brighten it up by drawing freely on his imagination. Novelists, however, who write about Oxford have no such excuse. Any man with average power of novel-writing, who cannot put together an interesting story from actual facts of Oxford experience, is not likely to improve his book by making his hero a Crichton, and placing him in an unreal atmosphere of Roman Catholic Propagandism, vicious extravagance, intemperance, and general villany. As long as people are found to read and to believe in the pernicious rubbish periodically published as faithful descriptions of Oxford life, so long will the general public remain, by no fault of their own, under a false impression of what an Oxford man really is. Why will not some one contrive us a true college novel? Why does not some "Don" write us some Oxford "Sketches"?

It must be admitted that it would not be easy to give an exact definition of what one means by "an Oxford man." What is the nameless *je ne sais quoi* which is held to distinguish the class? The wonderful creature which has been immortalized in the song of "The Thoroughbred Oxford Man" probably never had a more than mythical existence. There are, however, some points about the average man whom one meets at Oxford, which are not hard to take hold of. In his case the mystic I-don't-know-what seems to resolve itself into several distinct elements. We can trace an evident I-don't-know-why in his actions; a fatal I-don't-know-when in his frantic resolutions to begin to read; a haughty I-don't-know-you in his communications with his fellows; and in some, though happily not in all, cases, a painful I-don't-know-much in his style of conversation.

We should find it as hard now to enumerate severally all the different types of Oxford men, as Virgil found it nineteen hundred years ago to give a complete list of wines. Generally speaking, men differ from one another much

in the same way as bottles of wine. One man is bright, pure, and sparkling; he is celebrated for his taste; he is famed for his "sweetness and light;" if not allowed to get flat, he does one good at the moment, and is pleasant to think about afterwards. Another is too young and fiery; but he will probably improve as he grows older. A third is dry; sour, perhaps, as a result of age, and apt to disagree with those who are not accustomed to him. A fourth is bad; not genuine, unwholesome; he provokes nausea, and leaves an unpleasant after-flavour. If this be true in the world generally, it is true also in Oxford, where all types of men are represented.

It is a very common, but a very false, remark, that "you may know an Oxford man wherever you see him." It is hard to understand how such an idea could have originated; but it may have some foundation in the fact that, of all sorts and conditions of men, your Oxford man is most given to the imitation of his kind. In dress, in opinions, in tricks of expression, if any one man starts anything new and taking, in two days he is sure to have shoals of imitators. In the matter of clothes of an impossible cut and unspeakable pattern, Oxford fashions can hardly be said to have improved. If the fiat has once gone forth, no brim is too broad or too narrow, no crown is too high or too low, no umbrella is too large or too small, no jacket is too short, no overcoat is too long, for the undergraduate to wear. Caricatures of Oxford men are now seen not in the shop-windows but in the streets. The chief culprits are freshmen,—either *bonâ fide* freshmen, or more senior men who have never resigned their freshmanhip. The subject of Oxford dress does not properly include that of academical costume, as caps and gowns are scarcely ever worn except under compulsion. Why it should be the fashion for undergraduates to decline to wear the distinctive dress of undergraduates it is hard to say. It may be that the flying tails of a commoner's gown are not very becoming; or it may be that there is some excite-

ment in risking the fine of five shillings which a man has to pay if caught without his cap and gown. Both reasons have been given. Anyhow the custom has prevailed so far that many undergraduates have no cap of their own, but, whenever they are required to wear one, rely on a loan from a friend.

Nobody will deny that it is quite possible nowadays to have unfashionable habits of thought, and even an unfashionable conscience. A man soon learns to regulate his thoughts, words, and deeds by those of his neighbours. He treats himself as he treats his watch, and puts himself on or back, according as he is slow or fast in comparison with others. This principle is very much aided at Oxford by constant intercourse; sharp corners are very quickly rubbed off. It is useless to attempt more than a tacit resistance to this assimilative process. In a state, as it were, of moral alliteration, if one cannot be liquid, it is better to be mute. Fashion, of course, in all places has its advantages as well as its drawbacks: it is not surprising that of Oxford undergraduate customs some should be bad and some good. A very bad symptom of the state of things in Oxford at present is the growing fondness for the use of slang. Now slang would be very well in its way, if it were made amenable to judicious improvement. But a set of slang expressions have grown up at Oxford lately, which are utterly without humour, and which seem to have no meaning at all. These are generally used in silly repartee; and a joke, made originally with some applicability, is not unfrequently established as a conventional trick of expression, which is used by everybody till it becomes wearisome, and at last goes out of fashion. Again, many undergraduate customs seem contrived, unlike clubs, to keep men apart who would otherwise meet. Two Oxford men, who are perfectly well known by sight to each other, will sit together in a railway carriage as silent as if talking, like smoking, were forbidden upon the company's premises. Two acquaintances, who are probably very good friends, pass

one another in the street with so churlish a recognition that it might be supposed that each had recently detected the other in the act of stealing his spoons. Not long ago, if two undergraduates ran foul of one another upon the river, they would have expressed themselves in language as unparliamentary as if they had been speaking across the table in the House of Commons. This practice has been happily put down by public opinion. On the other hand, some Oxford customs are good, and could be ill spared. For instance, an undergraduate is the most hospitable creature in the world. He entertains everything but ideas of economy. An undergraduate with a large circle of acquaintances lives in a constant round of invitations. Still, however pleasant this may be, it can be carried too far: hospitality, when continuous, is not likely to be discreet. Another very fashionable virtue at Oxford is muscular energy, which may be defined as "a formed state or habit which deliberately chooses to take exercise in the afternoon." It is considered absolutely immoral at Oxford to spend a whole day indoors. For rowing men there is, of course, the river; and these, the whole year round, are assiduous in their worship of Isis. Others, who take no interest in the boats, or who lazily complain "*nimum Foro distare Carinas*," will patronise the cricket-field or the running-ground, easily accessible by cabs and pony-phaetons. In the winter, if there be no skating, and in wet weather, racquets, tennis, fives, or billiards become the rage. Undergraduates who see no incompatibility between sword and gown become volunteers. Some men keep horses, or hire them; others practise at Mr. Maclaren's gymnasium; others take constitutionals to Headington or Shotover. Recently, Oxford men have been bitten with the velocipede mania, and they are seen nowadays, in the suburbs and even in the streets, adventuring themselves on bicycles. In short, in some form or another, all young Oxford takes regular exercise; and the habit of improving the mind at the expense of the body is going steadily out of fashion.

In a discussion upon Oxford ethics the subject of Oxford politics may be introduced without an apology. Oxford undergraduates as a rule are Conservatives. Of these, some of course have honest opinions, and plenty to say in their defence. Others come up with a store of opinions home-made. Others, again, are Conservatives from a sheep-like trick of imitation which makes them exalt a man whose opinion they consider safe into a sort of political bell-wether. Lastly, there are some who would find it hard to give a reason for their political faith: these, therefore, profess Conservatism, as a creed requiring little explanation. On the other hand, undergraduate Liberalism is not entirely free from suspicion. A man builds up for himself a theory that Intellect and Liberalism go together, and then he declares himself to be a Liberal that he may prove himself to be clever. Or perhaps he finds an opening for his energy in the theoretical remodelling of society: he begins by being liberal, and soon becomes extravagant. Or, lastly, it may be that he too has a conscience. Generally speaking, undergraduates, upon political and other subjects, are learning to think more and to talk less. Intolerance is rapidly disappearing. A man is not now snubbed at Oxford because of his religious or political opinions, or because he is poor, or because he cannot produce a grandfather. The form in which intolerance shows itself chiefly is the sublime contempt which the members of one college sometimes express for the members of some less distinguished body. But even this patriotic bigotry is becoming mitigated by the existence of clubs which bring men of all colleges together.

It was suggested above that many men go to Oxford to learn manner; it would hardly be true to say that there are not some who go up without having learnt manners. There has been, however, a decided improvement in this respect even within the last few years. It is not often, for instance, that an undergraduate is intentionally rude to a professor. "The University cad," who forgets

that a proctor is at the same time a gentleman, and who looks upon him as a fancy species of constable, is happily very rare in these days. College tutors and dons generally, when not treated by undergraduates as politely as they might be, do not perhaps deserve politeness as they ought. In some cases there is a tacit hostility between seniors and juniors which argues faults on both sides. Some undergraduates look upon a don as a creature occupying the position of an usher, and performing the functions of a nursery-governess. They resent his petty interferences, and nauseate the bitter pills of discipline which he from time to time insists upon forcing, ungilded, down their throats. In return, the unsympathetic don regards his undergraduates as beings little better than refractory casuals, and he treats them accordingly with all the delicacy and tact which their circumstances seem to him to require. In colleges where this want of sympathy exists, the dons are eternally having their doors screwed up, their windows broken, and their lives made generally unsatisfactory to them. In revenge, the undergraduates have to submit to fines, impositions, and every other sort of schoolboy punishment short of personal chastisement, besides probable rustication and possible expulsion. This is the dark side of the picture, which fortunately is seen very seldom: dons and undergraduates live as a rule in most comfortable relations towards each other. Not unfrequently a don rows in his college boat or plays in his college eleven: if his physique does not allow of such exercise, there are a hundred other ways in which he may make himself popular. Of course, insurrections will occasionally happen, even in the best-regulated colleges; but such outbursts of anarchy are growing rarer as social culture advances. It is quite the exception when a college does not comport itself with at least the outward decorum of a "Happy Family." In their intercourse with one another, undergraduates are as free and as easy as it is possible for them to be. Goods in

college are practically had in common; there is nothing which you cannot borrow, there is nothing which you may not be asked to lend. A man with large or otherwise eligible rooms, for instance, is continually asked to lend them to his friends for their entertainments. Sometimes a set of rooms are borrowed, in the owner's absence and without his permission, by a party of practical jokers, who turn their opportunity to the most amusing account. They proceed to "make hay," which is done by ingeniously rearranging the furniture, books, pictures, &c., into the most abnormal and ludicrous positions. The victim's surprise is naturally very great when he returns to find that "chaos is come again." The humour of this jest, and of others like it, depends of course upon the taste in which it is carried out, and upon the extent to which it is allowed to go. There can be no fun in wilfully destroying property, or in annoying a man who seriously objects to be made sport of. Bullying has never flourished much at Oxford. The few bullies who remain exist only on sufferance, and are forced to keep their experiments secret.

It has been asserted that modern gallantry is at a very low ebb in the University, and that Oxford Dorimants, so far from "handing a fish-wife across the kennel," will absolutely be rude enough to jostle her into it. Such accusations are easier to make than to rebut. It is almost certain that offenders in this respect are a very small number; it is quite certain that their value may be neglected.

Not the least of the influences which are at work upon Oxford social life at the present day is the growing appreciation for music which most men have. Every undergraduate "goes in" for music in one shape or another. If he cannot play a fugue, he can sing a comic song; if he does not understand Mozart, he can "interpret" Offenbach; though he may not admire Mr. Santley, he roars at Mr. Vance. But musical taste is improving. Many men have pianos in their rooms, and not a few play really well. Theatrical performances are just



now very popular at Oxford, and are usually done well, and in good taste. One element of success in college, as in regimental theatricals, is the fact that the actors do not expect a better part in return for a larger subscription, as is so often the case elsewhere. At Oxford, a stage-manager is a recognised autocrat. Amateur musical and theatrical performances in Oxford cluster generally round the feast of Commemoration, a "show" which it is impossible to describe. Oxford at Commemoration is metamorphosed into a huge kaleidoscope, in which balls, breakfasts, dinners, drives, picnics, promenades, flower-shows, fêtes, concerts, croquet-parties, theatricals, boat-processions, and flirtations are jumbled up together for a week in the most charmingly-arranged confusion, and with wonderful effects. Commemoration is unique. To be believed in, it must be seen; to be appreciated, it must be "done."

Extraordinary accounts have been given of Oxford "wine-parties," at which it has been said that excess is an almost universal rule. To those who know anything about the matter, such stories would be very ludicrous if they were not so libellous. There may be, perhaps, a few men at Oxford who habitually take more wine than is good for them; but these no more influence the whole character of the University than a fly imparts a general tone to the amber in which it is so unaccountably found. Even smoking is upon the decrease at present; so much so, that it is not now considered binding upon a host to keep cigars or tobacco in his rooms for his guests' consumption, unless he be a smoker himself.

It is a great pity that nobody has made a good collection of Oxford *bons mots*. There is a large amount of traditional wit floating about in the University, which well deserves a "local habitation." A "Golden Treasury of Oxford Humour" might find room for some few contributions from modern drolls; though, generally speaking, the witticisms of Oxford men in the present decade are respectable only by reason of their antiquity. Jokes, whose age and authorship are everywhere well known,

are produced as originals with the most ingenuous effrontery. Retailers of vamped-up jests are more numerous among doctors and masters than among bachelors and undergraduates: such habits of conversational plagiarism grow worse by degrees.

The modern rage for athletic sports in Oxford affords a wide field for discussion; but from a social point of view a very brief consideration of the subject may suffice. An undergraduate who is a first-rate runner, if he takes the trouble to make running the serious business of his life for a time, may within a year or two win an almost unlimited supply of plate in prizes, a quite unlimited reputation, and a valuable circle of acquaintances. Whether, while thus employed, he may not be wasting his time and destroying his health, is a question not easy to decide.

If eyes and ears be safe guides in such matters, it may be truly said that Oxford undergraduates, take them for all in all, are at least as respectable, socially and morally estimated, as any body of young men in the world. Perhaps it may be thought that, with all their opportunities of culture, they might be better than they are. It should, however, be remembered that Oxford has a pampered atmosphere. All the surroundings of Oxford life tend to make a man more proud of, and less dependent upon, himself. The residents, when they have made his acquaintance, flatter and spoil him; the tradesmen give him unlimited credit; the servants and the hangers-on of his college bow down to him. Who shall throw the first stone at a man who comes not quite unscathed from such an ordeal?

Nobody can be better aware than the writer that this article is inadequate and desultory; that it is too much like the report of a commission, and too little like a picture. Yet, perhaps, what it has lost in attractiveness it may have gained in accuracy. If a man should try to paint a picture of Oxford, it would be difficult to avoid a tendency to introduce warm purple tints, composed no more surely of Dark Blue than of *couleur de rose*.

## EARTH TO EARTH.

You bid me count and weigh the stars,  
 The immemorial avatárs  
     Of light, which reached us yesterday,  
 And yet has journeyed without cease  
 From that abode of burning peace  
     Where it was kindled far away,

Before the Earth began to run  
 Her little round, while Earth and Sun  
     Were yet a mist of watery fire;  
 As though that pilgrimage of light  
 Immeasurable, infinite,  
     Kept even pace with our desire;

As though we all had nought to know  
 Except our littleness; as though  
     The voiceless music of the spheres  
 Made all the voices nothing worth  
 That blow men's names about on Earth,  
     And are not drowned by any tears.

You speak to ears that will not heed:  
 The fleeting years to years succeed,  
     And still the longings multiply,  
 Which the blank stars can never slake,  
 Which only fruitful Earth can wake,  
     Which only Earth can satisfy,

Who fosters us while Fate allows,  
 Who binds about her weary brows  
     Our ruins for a diadem,  
 And points to giddy worlds that roll  
 About the dimly gleaming pole  
     Beneath us, for we number them.

What though some misty radiance heave  
 Its brightness into form, and leave  
     Its trance of changeless destinies  
 To run a wider course than ours,  
 To blossom into loftier flowers  
     Of manifold mortalities?

What though with no abiding place  
 We dwindle with the dwindling race,  
     Since we and everything she bears  
 Fade back into the labouring womb  
 Of Earth, our mother and our tomb,  
     Who waxes weary with the years?

Beyond the years of Earth, yea far  
Beyond the years of any star,  
    A treasure-house is perfected,  
Where all the spoils that Death can store  
But make us richer than before,  
    While we remember what is dead.

And echoes there of many a name  
That tired the voice of earthly Fame  
    Wake everlasting memory  
Of deeds too glorious to forget  
When every star that shines hath set  
    In daylight of eternity.

Or if that promise be a dream,  
If Time, a never-ending stream  
    Without beginning, must suffice  
With always good, and never best,  
And no fulfilling of high rest  
    On watchtowers of Paradise ;

We need not wait to feed our scorn  
On planets that are being born  
    Out of the cloudy lighted skies ;  
Our little Earth hath change enough  
Of sweet and bitter, smooth and rough,  
    To know, to suffer, and despise.

G. A. SIMCOX.

## A VISIT TO KEBLE.

BY ARCHDEACON ALLEN;

*From a Letter written to his Brother, July 25, 1844.*

I HAVE lately been spending a couple of days with Mr. John Keble. I reached the vicarage of Hursley, Saturday last, about half-past eight p.m. I had scarcely got out of the fly, when a man, perhaps rather below the middle size, with grey hair, and some of his front teeth out, came to the door, and with a great deal of kindness and simplicity of manner welcomed me to the house. The first impression reminded me somewhat of the plain exterior of Wordsworth. He ushered me into the dining-room, where his wife, his sister, and a Mrs. Moore (staying in the house) were just finishing tea. Over the fireplace was the engraving from Domenichino's picture of St. John; opposite a real Wilson, a very fine landscape, with two prints from German designs—Christ blessing little children, Overbeck, and St. John preaching in the wilderness,—a drawing of the exterior of Otterbourne Church, a print of Judge Coleridge, and Strange's engraving of Vandyke's three faces of Charles I. An engraving of Bishop Selwyn stood against some books. After tea we went to the drawing-room, where hung two engravings after Raffaele, —the Transfiguration and the Marriage of Joseph, —Belshazzar's Feast, by Martin, a large head of our Saviour, after Guido, a head of Bishop Fox (both prints), and one or two drawings of landscapes. In his study there is Westmacott's marble bust of Newman, a copy (in oils) of Jeremy Taylor's portrait, prints of Archbishop Moore, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Grenville.

The first evening Keble talked of the difficulty of getting Hampshire properly stocked with churches; the population was scattered; the river ran like a ribbon through the country, but the cottages did not nestle close to it, as

was the case in Wilts and Oxfordshire. He gave his farmers a good character; Sir W. Heathcote took pains in the selection of tenants. While Keble was out of the room, Arnold's life was spoken of,—the book lay on the table. Mrs. Keble said it had been specially painful to her husband. At evening prayer every one stood, while Mr. Keble read six or eight verses from the Bible; then the sentences, "We are now come to the evening of another day," &c., and then the servants and all kneeled down, not at chairs, nor at a table, but without support. The next morning I had to walk and breakfast with one of the curates of a district church, to see the Sunday-school. I got back to church at Hursley; the curate read prayers: all that was noticeable was that during the lessons Mr. Keble at the communion-table, and his family in his pew, *stood*. Mr. Keble's sermon<sup>1</sup> was to the young people after confirmation, very scriptural, admirably arranged, and, as I thought, among the very best, if not the best, I had heard; extremely simple. After the communion we went home to luncheon, where was Dr. Moberly (who during the holidays at Winchester lives at a farm which he has purchased

<sup>1</sup> The sermon to the persons newly confirmed at Hursley Church, July 21, 1844, was to the effect that life was full of disappointments; perhaps, after all their preparation, they might have been disappointed that the rite of Confirmation had not at the time impressed them more. They might even feel disappointed, when they came to the Holy Communion, that they did not receive a more sensible blessing; yet let them not faint, but persevere; here we walk by faith, not by sight; let them continue patiently in the diligent use of all the means of grace supplied to them, struggling on, and then, when they came at last to the full communion of the saints, assuredly they would not be disappointed.

in Hursley parish) and Roundell Palmer. The talk went on Scripture prints, and on those published by Mr. Hope and by the Christian Knowledge Society.

Roundell Palmer said that the essence of such a Committee as ours (that of General Literature) must be caution.

I recommended him to write a grumbling letter about the giving up of the publication of the designs after Raffaele, as such a letter would strengthen the hands of those members of the Committee who wished them continued.

Keble said that, "as they must go in a diagonal, the great matter was to apply as much force as one could in the right direction."

Roundell Palmer said, "And *beyond* the right direction, as Aristotle held that the way to recover a bent stick was to force it in the opposite curve."

On Keble laughing approvingly, I said, "I am sure, Mr. Keble, you would never recommend going on the other side of right to get your neighbours to go exactly right."

He rejoined, "Why, I was not speaking of the morality of such a course of proceeding, but only of its effects;" and then asked if I thought a grumble to the Tract Committee would do any good, as he had one in store, ready to be fired off, if likely to prove serviceable.

In the afternoon Mr. Keble took me to his Sunday-school, and first examined his boys in the Catechism, and afterwards asked me to take them in Scripture, especially in the proofs of the doctrine of the Trinity. The evening was hot, and the room close, so we took them into the yard, under the shadow of some trees growing in the churchyard, which adjoins the school. After church we took a walk in the park, to see an old castle, or rather the moat of one, built by Bishop Henry de Blois (1129-71). On the road we talked of the examination of candidates for Orders, Keble having heard elsewhere of my being chaplain to Bishop Lonsdale. On my mentioning that the only books we recommended were Pearson, Hooker

(Book V.), and Butler, Keble said he supposed these were our three English classics. In talking about Church history, he said he liked to look at it with reference to some one man who lived at the period he was reading about, and to make out, as much as he could, what that person thought of what was going on around him; to take at one time "*Sæculum Ignatianum*," at another "*Sæculum Cyprianicum*," &c. Speaking of the mystical interpretation of Scripture, I expressed a doubt as to following Augustine; I said I preferred what I had read of Chrysostom's expositions. Mr. Keble said he thought Augustine's mind was rather oratorical than poetical; that he did not think his spiritualizations of Scripture were inventions, but were actually drawn from a stock of Catholic interpretation, then accessible, and reaching from the Apostles' days. He found that mystical interpretations took hold of the common people; and again, on my expressing my fear of adding anything to God's Word, he said that his plan was, when he met with any mystical interpretation which struck him as probable, to consult the books within his reach, and if he found the same view entertained by one or two of the ancients, he gave it to his people without scruple, as feeling pretty sure that he was right. On my mentioning Wogan, Keble said that with *him* he could not go along, as *his* mystical interpretations were not the interpretations of the ancient Church. He promised to write me something about the examinations for Orders, if, on reflection, he could think of anything likely to help me. At dinner we had three curates, and another clergyman. Some of the talk went on the best modes of catechising children, and of managing Sunday-schools. I spoke of what I thought could be done by a teacher to lead his scholars to compare different passages of Holy Scripture, and so, in a measure, to find out its interpretation for themselves. Mr. Keble, dissenting, asked how far I should think it wise to foster in the scholars the notion that they could themselves find out the

meaning of the Scriptures; and was it not best to give them the interpretation with authority?

There was some talk about Bishop Wilson, and his son, and the editor of his works; also about the short-horned cattle of the Southampton show. The following day, talking of Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Keble said that, from some letters now in Sir W. Heathcote's possession, it appeared that Oliver Cromwell was as sharp in buying land as in other things. Talking of Carlyle's making a hero of him, Mr. Keble said, "Whitewashing is a very good trade, and it ought to have clever fellows in it as well as other trades;" but after a pause he added, "The worst of the whitewashing is, that to be successful in it one must blackwash such a number of other people." And, again, after another pause,—“The most evident stain on Milton's moral character would be removed, could Carlyle be successful in this”—alluding to Milton's flattery of Oliver Cromwell. We had a long day's work in the school. The boys' school is a remarkably good one, the girls' school respectable. Mr. Keble said afterwards he thought that he and I went on two different plans in teaching children, and that it would be better for the future to make the instruction a mixture of analysis and synthesis; that he had been in the habit, after reading a passage of Scripture, of asking his

boys what they had learned from it, whereas I had put the conclusions before them, asking them for the premisses; *e.g.* asking what passages of Scripture taught us the fitting subjects of prayer, and the mode in which prayer should be offered. In the evening he took me to see the gardens of Hursley Park. We had some talk about the best expositors of Scripture; he said that he believed Newman recommended Justinian's exposition of the Romans. He said that the volume of "Plain Sermons" now coming out was, hitherto, all of his writing; the third volume being Pusey's, the fifth volume Newman's; that he could not always distinguish between his brother's (T. Keble's) sermons and the editor's (I. Williams).

On my speaking of South Wales, he asked if I were related to you. I told him you were grown into a rural dean, and had just finished a house in which you would feel it to be a great honour as well as pleasure to entertain himself and Mrs. Keble if their travels should ever bring them to Pembrokeshire. They are going next week to Scotland. We had some talk about the dutifulness of following the Church's teaching in the Sunday-school, so as, if possible, to make the Epistle interpret the Gospel. On Tuesday morning I left to visit the Otterbourne schools. I hope to have the pleasure, however, of paying him a yearly visit.

J. A.



## ESTELLE RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEREIN WEDDINGS ARE DISCERNED  
AFAR OFF.

HENRIETTA was lying as usual in the drawing-room, with the book on her lap, and the miniature vivarium by her side, but neither reading nor watching the sea-anemones. Her face was very still, and her eyes were shut. She was thinking. The lady's maid came in and peeped at her, and was stealing out again on tiptoe, when she suddenly opened her eyes and asked the hour.

"Past three, Miss. Dr. Vandeleur is coming up, Miss; I thought you were asleep, and I was going to tell him so."

"Ask him to come in," said Henrietta, beginning to tremble from head to foot, but trying hard to keep herself quiet. She gave him her hand without speaking, and pointed to a chair. Dr. Vandeleur had not seen her alone since the day when he had asked whether he might write to ask her father's consent to their engagement. Her lips had scarcely breathed a "yes" when Lizzy had broken the *tête-à-tête* by her untimely entrance, and had commented so rudely on it afterwards.

"It was a perfect godsend," said he, sitting down just opposite her, "that I thought of calling to-day on the chance of finding everybody out. I should have written if I had been forced to let this day pass without speaking to you."

"Oh, Jack, I am glad you did not," said she, flushing. "People are so prying, and do say such things, and——"

"Let them pry," returned Vandeleur; "if they do, they won't find out anything worse than that two old sweet-hearts had a quarrel when they were young and silly, and made it all straight the instant they cut their wisdom teeth."

Henrietta laughed. "How late have

yours come?" she asked. "I cut mine when I was four-and-twenty."

"One isn't particular to a year or so, you know. Well, Henrietta, I wrote to the Admiral, and the Admiral has replied with a promptitude worthy a better cause. I suppose the long and the short of it is, that you're such a charming daughter that he can't make up his mind to part with you for a permanency. The feeling does him honour, I admit; but we must convince him between us that it mustn't be carried too far. We must steal a march on him, Henrietta, and give him a son-in-law whether he likes it or not." He was rattling on, when she stopped him.

"Don't!" She hid her face on the cushion, and began to cry quietly, with her hands clasped tight, as if she were in terrible pain.

Dr. Vandeleur took a hasty turn across the room. "Confound that pig-headed old martinet!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to let that upset you, Henrietta, surely? My asking him at all was only a polite form. I've considered myself an engaged man ever since the other day; and his letter doesn't make one atom of difference to me. Why on earth should it to you either?"

"Because he is my father, you know," she said, crying.

Dr. Vandeleur came and took hold of her hands. "Henrietta, look at me, my dear. Tell me, now. You care for me, don't you?"

"Why ask?" she said, crying still. He knew how much she cared for him. She never, never could have married anybody else.

"That will do," said he, kissing her forehead. "Thank you, dear, for saying that. Now I put it to your own good sense: Ought we two, who have been waiting a precious long time as it is, to be kept waiting any longer on account of one old gentleman's obsti-

nacy? There are bounds even to parental authority; or if not, there ought to be. You are arrived at years of discretion, and ought to judge for yourself."

"There is this to be said, Jack," she replied, forcing herself to be calm. "I am the eldest. I have never had anything to do with the bringing-up of my sisters; and I have never given them a good example in anything that I know of. Papa is dreadfully strict in some things; in others they have their own way. We are a curious household, Jack. I suppose we have an interest in each other in a certain way, but—no, I won't criticise. I have lived apart from them, as it were, and they neither know me nor I them, rightly. I will only say, that I am sure if I married without Papa's consent it would have a bad influence on the girls. They would quote my behaviour as an excuse for their own, supposing a match to be on the *tapis* to which Papa's consent could not be gained. They would not choose to believe that a woman may do at thirty what she may not at eighteen. And then Papa would say it was all my fault. And—and—I could not bear that. Do you understand me, Jack?"

"I understand that you are the most crotchety creature I ever had to do with," said he. "Do you mean to say you won't have me for fear of one of the young ones making a stolen match? Depend upon it, my dear, if any of them are inclined that way, it will come to pass without the stimulus of your example. I think you are treating me very badly, upon my word, Henrietta."

Henrietta cried out that she knew it, but what could she do? She must remember that obedience to parents was a divine command.

"No, it was not," roared Vandeleur, walking to and fro. Not after a certain limit. And that limit had been passed. Not all the fathers in creation should make him believe that it wasn't, and he wouldn't see Henrietta's whole life sacrificed and take it quietly. He should write to the Admiral, and give him a piece of his mind.

"No, dear; don't do that, please," she

said. "It would only make him angry. It is very hard, very hard for both of us, but I think—I hope—I am doing right. Say good-bye now, dear Jack, and go——"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," quoth Vandeleur; "you lie back and be silent, or I shall have you fainting."

"I had better go back to Devonshire," Henrietta continued; "I wish, oh, I do wish I had never come here—I thought I had got accustomed to my loneliness, and now——"

The sentence broke off there in a long sigh; and Dr. Vandeleur rang for the lady's maid and sal volatile, for Henrietta had fainted. Miss Pincot was awed into calmness by the doctor's presence, and did all that was required without any flourishing. He stayed till Henrietta had regained consciousness, and then desired Pincot to find out when Mrs. Vivian would be home, as he wished to see her, and would wait in the morning-room till she came. He had waited only a quarter of an hour, when the roll of a carriage and a succeeding knock told of an arrival.

Henrietta was aware of it too. Her hearing had become painfully acute. Although the drawing-room door was shut, she heard distinctly the opening and shutting of the front door, the little commotion in the hall, the voices of Sir Louis and her sisters, Mrs. Vivian's mention of her own name. A moment after they all entered; Lizzy, once more in love with her new bonnet, crying out to her to admire it; Julia with an air of triumph, and a beaming smile for Sir Louis, who seemed as inexorably grave as ever; and Mrs. Vivian, full of interjections at the instructiveness of the exhibition, and inquiries as to how she had managed to amuse herself during their absence.

The lady's maid came forward and whispered mysteriously to Mrs. Vivian, who listened, shook her head, desired that Henrietta might not be excited, and as mysteriously left the room. Lizzy impulsively demanded what was the matter, and Sir Louis, hinting that possibly Miss Maurice might wish to be

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left alone, prepared to act on his hint; but Henrietta, chiding herself for allowing nervous fancies to get the upper hand of her, entreated them to remain and tell her how they had enjoyed themselves. Julia proposed to have tea brought up, and Sir Louis gave the necessary order, saying to the two young ladies as he did so, "I shall take the reins of government in my mother's absence; and it is hereby enacted that only one speaks at a time."

"Liz may begin," said Julia. Lizzy scarcely waited for the permission. First the bonnet, then the pictures, the people, the heat; on she ran, without a single stop. And only to think of it! Julia—

"Stop," said Julia. "Let me tell my own story, please." But there were two incidents which she left unmentioned. One was, the face she had seen in the doorway. The other was what had given her that look of triumph with which she had entered the room.

It was this. Sir Louis had stumbled upon them, as he said, by mere chance. Mrs. Vivian, suddenly roused from her slumbers, had inquired suspiciously how he had found them out; to which he answered, that he had been led to infer their whereabouts from the fact of the carriage being outside. Mrs. Vivian immediately rose up, anxious to go, but the girls pleaded for a last look, and, begging his mother to sit still and rest, Sir Louis offered an arm to each, and took them into a room of which they had had no more than a hasty glimpse before. A picture caught Lizzy's eye, and she begged them to stop. She had left her catalogue on the bench by Mrs. Vivian, and was making conjecture upon conjecture as to the probable subject, when Julia said, "I feel sure it's some place I have seen in the south of France." And turning suddenly to Sir Louis—"By the by, that reminds me, Sir Louis: when are you going to return me that portfolio of water-colour drawings I lent you ever so long ago?"

"The water-colour drawings?" he repeated, as if in doubt.

"To be sure. Have you lost them?" And then, judging from his face that

they were lost, she continued, "I call that rather too bad of you!"

"I did not say they were lost," said he.

"Well, you looked it. You looked as if you didn't know where to lay your hand on them—as if you were not sure whether you had ever had them."

"I am sure of that much, nevertheless. Should you take their loss very much to heart? They were the gift of a friend, you said."

"Well, yes, a friend. I don't suppose I should break my heart if I never met her again, but she gave me the drawings, they are my property; and I don't like people losing what is mine."

"You would not break your heart for this friend—wise Miss Julia Maurice. But you have a keen sense of proprietorship—even of an old portfolio of drawings?"

"Of course I have. Would not you?"

"Suppose we settle it amicably, thus. Choose any picture you please, in exchange for this old portfolio I have—mis-laid." This was said in the driest manner possible.

"You don't mean it," Lizzy put in. "Any picture?"

"Miss Lizzy, if you were a gentleman I should be obliged to call you out for doubting my veracity."

Julia looked all round the room. "I'll have that one," she said, pointing to a wide stretch of orange sunset, enclosed in a gorgeous frame.

Sir Louis took out his pocket-book and wrote down the number. "And now," he said, "we had better go back to my mother."

This was the incident Julia passed over in silence.

Mrs. Vivian seemed wrapped in mystery after her interview with the doctor. She did not return to the drawing-room till the tea was cold, and when she did, she astonished them all by walking straight up to Henrietta and kissing her. Then she poured herself out a cup, and drank it with an expression of determination which seemed more than the occasion absolutely required. Her son, sitting opposite, noticed this, and asked her whether she was planning a con-

spiracy against any person or persons, to which she only replied by a shake of the head, and the ejaculation "Stuff!" At dinner she began her own soup before helping her son, and on his remonstrating mildly at such undeserved neglect, merely said, "I beg your pardon," and helped him, instead of making a little joke of it. In the evening, instead of sitting with the everlasting knitting in her hands, trying to keep up a conversation with the girls, she told them to amuse themselves in their own way, and retired to the writing-table, whence the sound of a scratching pen proceeded at intervals for more than an hour. At the end of that time, she tore up the sheets she had written, and left the room, taking them with her.

Lizzy was at the piano, trying over the contents of the music-books. "What's come to the old lady?" she exclaimed, stopping short in her performance of Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," as the door closed on Mrs. Vivian.

"I dare say she can't write because of your putting in all those false notes in the bass," said Lizzy ironically.

Lizzy did not contradict, for Julia's criticisms met with unbounded respect from the entire family at Wembury. If Henrietta or Mrs. Maurice had ventured to hint at a false bass, there would have been a storm. But as it was Julia who spoke, Lizzy shut the piano, and came over to where her sister sat, saying mournfully, "How I wish I could have some lessons!"

"You might play better than that, without lessons, if you took the trouble to look at the notes."

"Oh, I daresay." And Lizzy yawned at the idea. "I do so hate bother, Ju."

"Then you'll never get on in life, that's all," retorted Julia, whose face was dark now that Sir Louis was not in the way. She had a heap of the *Times* newspapers by her, and was looking narrowly down every column for some piece of intelligence; vainly, it might be supposed, from the hanging of her lower lip and the drumming of her foot as she threw aside one sheet after the other.

"What are you searching for in those old papers?" said Lizzy.

Julia frowned angrily, and pointed to the other end of the room where Henrietta lay reading. "She hears everything," she muttered, under cover of the broad paper.

"I forgot. She does hear awfully quick," answered Lizzy, behind the same screen. "I vote we go to bed early."

Henrietta might have heard the last words. She suddenly spoke. "If Mrs. Vivian does not come up presently, will you ring and ask them to tell her I want particularly to speak to her before I go to sleep to-night? What o'clock is it?"

"Ten, I should think," said Julia, not taking the trouble to look, and going on with her search.

"What do you want her for?" said Lizzy.

Henrietta might have delivered a lecture (to the air) on the bad taste of asking questions, when Mrs. Vivian entered, as brisk as usual, and very smiling; quite divested of the mystery which had enwrapped her since the afternoon.

"I was asking for you," said Henrietta.

"Me, my dear?" and Mrs. Vivian walked up to the sofa and gave her a kiss.

"The second to-day! Well, what next?" quoth Lizzy aside to her sister. Julia put her papers down and listened.

"Well, my love?" says Mrs. Vivian, cheerfully.

"I wanted to say, that I must think now about going home. London has done all it can for me, and time will do the rest. I do thank you for all your kindness, dear Mrs. Vivian. I shall never forget it: your kindness to me and my sisters—like a friend of years' standing, instead of months."

As she said this, Julia started up, and stood with her teeth set, staring hard at her sister.

"Fool!" she muttered, clenching her hands to keep down the sudden passion that swelled her throat. She had turned pale, paler than when she had seen the face in the doorway.

Lizzy, staring at her in sudden fear

and wonder, heard Mrs. Vivian say, "No, no, no, you must not talk of going yet, my dear. I have been much pleased to have you, and you must stay a while longer."

Julia's face never relaxed. Probably she expected the reply that came.

"You are most kind, but I feel that I ought to go home now. I have made up my mind that it is best; so please don't ask me to stay."

"Sleep over it, my dear," was all Mrs. Vivian said. "When you have done with Pincot, send her to me, for I am going to retire early. I find a picture exhibition a fatiguing thing, not being accustomed to it, you know."

Lizzy pulled her sister's dress. "For goodness' sake," she whispered, "don't bid Mrs. Vivian good-night with your face like that!"

"What!" said her sister impatiently. But the warning had been heard. She shook herself free of her rage in an instant, with a little laugh, a toss of the head, and a spreading of her airy flounces. She walked across the room to shake hands, completely her old self again, except that the colour in her face seemed concentrated in two scarlet spots on either cheek.

Not a word did she say to Lizzy, good or bad, for long after the lady's maid had finished her offices and was gone. She sometimes sat, sometimes walked up and down, clenching her teeth in silent rage. By and by she threw herself on the sofa, saying, "Give me some sal-volatile, Liz." Lizzy searched for it among her toilette bottles, mixed it, and gave it silently.

Julia drank it down, saying, as she gave back the glass, "Henrietta deserves to be strangled."

Lizzy murmured something which sounded like "horrid old thing."

"To think of her saying that about going away, to-day of all days, that I had begun to see I was making an impression! If she had but a grain of sense!—I declare, Liz, I sometimes think she is artful. This looks exactly as if it were done on purpose—on purpose to baulk me. And I will *not* be baulked.

I have made up my mind that the best match in the circle in which we move shall be mine; and better there is none than this man. Look here, Liz."

And then she rapidly told the story of her engagement to Herbert Waldron.

"I've looked through the last ten days' *Times*, but I can't find any ship's arrival at Southampton which includes his name in the passenger list, and I am in hopes he may be all right—in India—I mean, and that what frightened me so may prove to be only an accidental resemblance. But I can't be sure till we hear from home; and even then, Mamma is such a stupid correspondent she mightn't mention it, and I shouldn't care to ask. I wish to goodness I had never written to him. I wouldn't care a twopence if I didn't know what dozens of love-letters he's got of mine. 'Twas all very well just for a time, but——"

"But if you said you had changed your mind?"

"But, child, he isn't one of the sort that take things quietly. He'd make a row, and it would all come to Dad's ears, and a nice mess I should be in."

"That you would! Why, the Guv would box your ears as soon as look, for daring to be engaged to a cousin! Besides, cousin or no cousin, it's better to be a baronet's wife with a lot of luxuries than the wife of an officer in a regiment of the line. I think you're perfectly right, Ju." And then the change in the Baronet's behaviour was discussed, and the probable length of time that must elapse before Julia would succeed in bringing him to the point. One thing was certain. Ultimate success depended entirely upon their being thrown together for a while longer. And again Julia's anger rose against Henrietta, "that marplot," she vehemently exclaimed. But Lizzy's eyelids began to droop, so the conference was brought to a close. "If Herbert should be in England, and call here, mind, Liz, you, not I, will see him. You would be doing me a good turn if you could make him fall in love with you; it would keep him quiet about me, you know, dear. I should think you might. You

are getting prettier every day," were Julia's last words, as she laid her aching, scheming head on her pillow.

For a week or more Julia was Henrietta's constant companion, whenever she was not riding with Sir Louis, or driving with his mother. Henrietta thought it strange, but showed herself grateful for the sudden kindness. Perhaps, she thought, they might get to be fond of each other, as sisters should, in time. If only Julia would get out of that fast way of talking! But just then Julia talked very little for a wonder, and Henrietta had no great need to feel grateful for a companionship which only resulted from the fact that indiscriminate callers were never shown into the drawing-room where Henrietta spent the day, and that thus Julia felt sure of escaping Herbert Waldron. But Herbert Waldron never came; and she could before long afford to laugh at the fright she had been in, and hear the door-bell without a shiver of apprehension. There had been no more said about Henrietta's going away, and Mrs. Vivian had had what she called a dissipated week; she had given a small dinner-party, and had taken Julia and Lizzy out twice of an evening, and they had all been at a morning concert; even Sir Louis, who had at first declared it a shocking waste of time, but had retracted when he saw the "Moonlight Sonata" set down in the programme. They had been to the British Museum, too, and had spent a whole morning listening to Sir Louis's explanations of the Egyptian remains. A highly profitable morning, Mrs. Vivian called it. An awfully dull one, the girls had thought, yawning behind their parasols. But, as Julia said, "Only get the man to talk," and she need not despair. She trotted out the Egyptians after that morning whenever there was an opportunity, and deluded the Baronet into lending her a valuable book on Ancient Egypt, under the supposition that it was a subject which she was eager to study. Lizzy looked on admiringly at her sister's game, and pricked up her ears night after night, expecting to hear of an offer having

been made and accepted. Mrs. Vivian saw something of the game too, but not enough to frighten her. Sir Louis's air of complete unconsciousness would have reassured her, even had she seen Julia's purpose more distinctly. And she was pre-occupied and anxious about Henrietta. After her interview with Dr. Vandeleur—when he had fully explained how he and Henrietta were situated—she had written to the Admiral, begging him to reconsider his rejection of Dr. Vandeleur as a son-in-law. Being no great letter-writer, the composition of this epistle had caused her so much trouble, and what was more, in her consideration, such a waste of cream-laid note-paper, that she had betaken herself to Sir Louis in despair. He, somewhat to her astonishment, had taken up Vandeleur's cause most enthusiastically, and, besides throwing into proper form what his mother wished to say to Admiral Maurice, had written a warm letter himself on his friend's behalf. It was the pre-occupation caused by the Admiral's silence which made Mrs. Vivian blind to what she would else have seen and tried to obviate. But at last her daily question, "Any letters for me?" was answered in the affirmative. She read it hastily through, passed it on to her son, and hurried away to Henrietta's room. Sir Louis read the letter and smiled. He looked quite handsome when he smiled, ugly fellow as he was. Presently he said: "I suppose you know what has been on the *tapis* the last few days. I see that I am to congratulate you after all. I am truly glad for Miss Maurice's sake."

Both girls could guess what was meant. But Julia, not choosing to betray how slight her real knowledge of facts was, merely said, warily, "Ah, yes! Poor dear Henrietta!"

"It is not often that you find two people so constant to each other as your sister and my friend Vandeleur," observed the Baronet.

"No, indeed," said Julia, with her sweetest smile. She knew all she wanted to know, now.



## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE NEW CURÉ.

It was autumn. The songs of the treblers had ceased; the wine-press was deserted till next year's vintage; the crowd of visitors had dispersed; and Madame de Montaigu was preparing for her yearly pilgrimage to Frohsdorf.

Formerly this journey had been undertaken in company. The Count's brother, his wife, and the ancient aunt of whom mention was made in a former chapter, had all gone together to pay their respects to the illustrious exile, whom they styled between themselves "His Majesty." But death had gradually diminished the Montaigu party. For three years Madame had gone with only her husband and son. This year she must go alone; for the old Count was too infirm to travel so far, and Raymond had refused to go.

It was this refusal which puckered Madame's proud forehead, and made her sigh so bitterly as she looked out of her window on the plain stretching away beyond the château, all scorched up and melancholy with the three months' drought. The vintage had been most successful; so had her dinners; so had the *al fresco* entertainments and the private theatricals. Nevertheless she was saying to herself that things were very hard on her, and that her son failed in his duty.

She had fulfilled hers, she declared, in letter and in spirit. She had accepted a mother-in-law's responsibilities without flinching, and yet here was Estelle, as unformed, as unconverted, as when Raymond brought her home in the spring a timid shrinking bride. In short, it was excessively provoking.

"I shall not take her to Frohsdorf," she had said; "I am disappointed in my expectations of her." This was to her son, who fired up instantly.

"I don't know what expectations you may have formed! Mine are fulfilled beyond my hopes! That will console

you, perhaps, for your own disappointment."

"She has no manner; she does not know how to receive——"

"She has manner enough when you are not by to make her nervous!" said he, angrily.

"And she has not given the Curé any reason to expect her reconciliation. And I certainly should not think of presenting a heretic daughter-in-law to His Majesty."

"So much the worse for him," was Raymond's reply.

"I shall leave her at home to take care of your father."

"And I," said Raymond, quietly, "will stay at home to take care of her. Make my humble respects to His Majesty, and assure him nothing but domestic duties would have prevented me from accompanying you."

And then they had a grand quarrel, in which Raymond said some very disagreeable things, and finally came off victorious.

Madame carried her grief to Sa Grandeur, who consoled her to the best of his ability with a few pious, commonplace phrases, and promised to remember her in his prayers.

"Oh yes, Monseigneur, that is very kind of you," said the Comtesse, "but she wants praying for far more than I do. I assure you, I have had masses said for her conversion both at the Dalbade and at the Dominican chapel; twice I have ordered *novenas*, and all to no purpose. And sometimes the thought has crossed my mind that she may possibly contaminate my son with her heresy."

"Comtesse, you should have thought of that before," said Sa Grandeur, sternly.

"Heaven forgive me!" faltered the contrite Comtesse. "She seemed so docile, so teachable; I thought her reconciliation would have been a work of days almost, when once she was withdrawn from her mother's guidance. Do you think, Monseigneur, after all, that we should not have done better in having a Jesuit?"

"No—a thousand times no!" exclaimed the Archbishop. "What a hankering you women have after the holy fathers! You will make me think you a Jesuit presently, Comtesse, if you don't take care."

"No, indeed, Monseigneur; you wrong me. Only everybody knows what zealous propagandists the members of the society are."

"Your curé," said the Archbishop, with some heat, "is worth any propagandist among them all. If I had had the pick of all the archbishops in France, I could not have found a man more to my mind. That man, Comtesse, but for his ill health, might be called to Paris any day. You do not half appreciate your own good fortune in having him as a spiritual guide."

"My director lives in Toulouse," said Madame de Montaigu. "He is a very pious man, and I have been under his guidance for many years. I have no wish to change."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Sa Grandeur, hastily. "If you are satisfied, that is all that is needful. I don't wish you to change."

For Sa Grandeur remembered that the Curé of St. Etienne was a man not likely to forgive him, if he were the means of withdrawing this titled penitent from his guidance to that of a mere country curé—a new-comer of whom nobody knew anything beyond the Archbishop's good opinion of him.

"So you say he is in ill health? It is very possible," said Madame, "for he looks frightfully emaciated. I thought, do you know, that perhaps he had not enough to eat, and I told him from the first that his knife and fork were always laid at my table; but he has never done us the honour to accept the invitation. I suppose he is too proud. In my opinion, a mere country curé has no right to be proud."

"Of course not," said Sa Grandeur, with an imperceptible smile, thinking to himself as he spoke, "That is why she wants to get rid of D'Eyrieu. He won't dine at the château."

"I do not think, however," he con-

tinued, "that the Abbé d'Eyrieu's fault can be pride. Perhaps, on the contrary, it is excess of humility. The austerities he practised formerly were frightful; so much so that his diocesan forbade him, by his vow of obedience, to continue them."

"In—deed!" said Madame, pricking up her ears. "You know all about him then?"

"It is my business," said Sa Grandeur, in a tone which signified, "It is not yours."

When Madame de Montaigu had taken leave, he sat down and wrote a note with his own hand to the Abbé d'Eyrieu, desiring him to present himself at the palace on a certain day after mass.

This letter reached the Curé in the evening, about dinner-time. He had just come in from seeing a sick person, and as he hung up his broad-brimmed hat, Pétronille, the coarse-featured, loud-voiced peasant woman who waited on him and styled herself housekeeper, brought it in, saying, "The postman asked two *sous* for bringing it, because it was so far out of his beat."

The Curé felt in his pocket for the two *sous*, laid them on the table, and took up his letter. Having read it, he set to work to brush his cassock and his hat, both plentifully coated with dust from his long walk. During this, Pétronille began to lay the cloth on a small deal table in a corner of the room, called by courtesy the dining-room.

She was not exactly a pleasant object to contemplate as she walked to and fro between the *salle-à-manger* and the kitchen. Her head was enveloped in an old striped black and yellow handkerchief bound low across the forehead, just above the eyebrows, like a nun's coif. She would not on any account have raised it higher, for that would have proclaimed her to be one of the worldly at once throughout the parish, and it was but decent and respectable that M. le Curé's housekeeper should be supposed to be rigidly pious. So, with the thermometer still at 80° in the shade, the kerchief was

retained as a badge of propriety. A long tramp to the mill with a bag of maize on her head had somewhat disturbed her head-dress; a wisp of grey hair had escaped from behind, and hung down on her wrinkled neck. Her dress consisted of a coarse garment of half-bleached flax, with long sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and of a short petticoat of a kind of serge, spun from the wool of the black sheep. Her legs and feet were bare, dried up and blackened with the dust and sun of forty summers. Her voice was hoarse and cracked, and she strengthened her conversation by many vehement gesticulations, which appeared like menaces to those who did not understand her patois. The fact of her having been a landed proprietor at one time of her life—that is to say owner of a two-roomed cabin and something less than an acre of land—gave her, as she supposed, great influence at the Presbytery, and she was in the habit of expressing her opinions pretty freely. She went on with an incessant flow of gossip as she came in and out, the process of laying the cloth not being thereby expedited.

"What do you think, Monsieur le Curé? The miller's daughter, Françoise, is going to be married at last; one may wish her husband joy of her. I wouldn't have a son of mine marry into such a stingy family as hers. Her wedding clothes are mean beyond everything, and her father has let her take but six dozen dinner napkins and ten tablecloths from his store. As for the sheets, there are but twenty pair, and the half of them turned sides to middle. I saw that with my own eyes, so I know it is so. If her bridegroom's mother were alive, poor woman,"—here Pétronille rapidly crossed herself,—"they would not venture on such niggardliness."

The Curé was conjecturing the reason of the Archbishop's mandate, and made no answer. But as Pétronille was equally accustomed both to talking and not being answered, she went on again:

"In some respects it will not be a bad wedding. Françoise told me her

father was going to kill a sheep, and they will have roast veal and fritters, and there are half-a-dozen hens fattening in the poultry-yard. I promised to go down and help the day before. I daresay you can manage to do without me, Monsieur le Curé, if I leave you some cold dinner. You see they will be glad to have me: I was a cook in my younger days, before I married, and of course my experience will be of use. They are going to have a cask of wine broached, and a fiddler in the evening. It is a pity she is to be married in the next parish, but I daresay you will be invited to the wedding nevertheless."

As Pétronille spoke the last words, she disappeared into a dark cupboard in the vestibule. There was a hurried exclamation, and an instant after the door was slammed violently to, and she stood before the Curé transformed into a Megæra, her eyes burning with anger out of their deep sockets.

"Somebody has stolen the bread!" she screamed, waving her arms in the direction of the cupboard. "It must have been done while I was at the mill. And what do you expect, M. le Curé, if you will keep the house door open for the first tramp to enter and help himself?"

"It was not stolen, my good Pétronille," said the Curé, in polished accents, contrasting strangely with Pétronille's rough patois; "I gave it away this afternoon."

"Gave it away! Bread that would have lasted for two days with care! Well, Monsieur le Curé, if you like to starve that you may gain a better place in Paradise, I prefer my bread to eat. What am I to do for dinner?"

"Is there no *polenta*?" asked the Curé meekly.

"How should there be, when you know we ate it up yesterday?"

"I think I have two sous somewhere." But a search only revealed the emptiness of the Curé's pockets. "I remember they went to pay for the letter. What have we for dinner, Pétronille?"

"There is garlic and salad, with two hard-boiled eggs. I was going to make

onion soup,—for we have plenty of onions and oil,—but how can I make onion soup without bread? You are an improvident man, Monsieur le Curé; you are always out at elbows. And yet, with six hundred francs a year, which is nearly one franc sixty-five centimes per day, I think you might manage better.”

“I daresay I might. You must beg a bit of bread for yourself to-day, Pétronille, and I will smoke a cigar, if I have one left.” But the cigar-box proved as empty as his pockets.

“Just like you, Monsieur le Curé. Always improvident,” said Pétronille.

The Curé put on his hat. “I will e’en go and beg a dinner at the château,” he said, and went out.

The Presbytery stood close by the church, a hundred yards beyond the ditch which separated the Montaigu grounds from the public road. Just as the Curé had got off the road on to the path leading up to the château through a vineyard, he caught sight of Raymond and his wife coming down the slope towards him. Estelle was hanging on her husband’s arm, and every minute they stopped to look about them. They seemed very merry, and they were talking very fast; Raymond put his face under his wife’s hat to kiss her, and the hat fell off, and he had to pick it up and dust it. As he put it on he gave her another kiss. Just then Estelle caught sight of the Curé, and told her husband to have done. “I daresay he saw you,” she said.

“I hope he did,” said Raymond. “It is a husband’s duty to kiss his wife sometimes.”

“I daresay he was shocked,” said Estelle.

The Curé, however, had not been shocked. He had thought that it would be a good thing if all the married people in his parish were as fond of each other as these two.

Raymond, as he advanced, lifted his hat with more suavity than he was in the habit of showing to priests. But this priest, with all his shabbiness, was so unmistakably the gentleman, that Raymond would not have ventured to

treat him with the haughtiness he generally showed to men who wore the tonsure.

“Monsieur le Curé,” said he, “we were coming to see you.”

“I am glad,” returned the Curé, “to have spared Madame the dusty walk she would have had from here to the Presbytery.”

“We were coming,” said Estelle, with a shy blush at the thought that the Curé had seen Raymond kissing her, “to ask whether you would dine with us to-day without ceremony. My mother-in-law went away this morning, and the Count does not leave his room, so we shall be a very small party.”

“Madame,” said D’Eyrieu, bowing low, “you have forestalled me. I was coming up to beg a dinner.”

“You have lost your bet, Raymond,” Estelle cried. “You will have to give me a box of gloves.”

“I will tell you what that means, Monsieur le Curé,” said Raymond in explanation. “My wife and I had a bet as we were coming along. I told her I was sure you would not accept a dinner invitation from a heretic on a fast-day. And she declared that she had a dinner for you such as a Carême would have been proud of, all composed of dishes such as the Pope himself could not object to; and she said she would make you accept her invitation, heretic as she is.”

“I hope I may do justice to Madame’s dinner,” said the Curé, who was in truth half famished.

The little dinner-party was a very merry one. Raymond and his wife felt as if a weight of lead was gone when Madame de Montaigu’s carriage had rolled out of sight that morning, and their spirits had been rising ever since.

“Thank Heaven,” said Raymond, as he embraced his wife, “for one whole month we shall be left to our own devices without daily worry and interference. We shall now be able to have our honeymoon properly, without interruption.”

The Abbé d’Eyrieu, whatever austerities he might be said to practise, belonged

not to the school of hypocrites, of disfigured face and sad countenance. In the course of a long and arduous pastorate in the poorest parish of Lyons, he had learned, besides the necessity of weeping with those who weep, that no less needful duty of rejoicing with those that do rejoice. As far as a priest may have a wish of his own, D'Eyrieu had wished to die where he had lived and worked, among the poor Lyonnais. His diocesan would have raised him to the dignity of canon, but he besought him not, alleging that he was not a fit man for dignities: that he should become puffed up, and lose his own soul by rising higher in the Church. So the archbishop had given his friendship to D'Eyrieu, and the vacant canonry to another man. After twenty years, Monseigneur had made way for a new archbishop, an ardent Ultramontane and friend of the Jesuits. The old archbishop had been a staunch Gallican, and had naturally got priests of his own persuasion around him. The most prominent of these the new archbishop resolved to weed out, and D'Eyrieu was one. So he got his *exeat*, and came to the Archbishop of Toulouse, asking humbly for some small cure in the mountains where no one cared to go, and where he might remain unmolested by Ultramontanists and Jesuits. And Monseigneur, who, as we know, hated the whole society, put him here instead of the fat old Curé objected to by Madame de Montaignu. He had, *pro forma*, sent to inquire the Lyonnais' antecedents, and had been answered that he was an outrageous Gallican, a man totally wanting in conservatism, and capable of raising up a cabal under the archbishop's very nose. So Grandeur burnt this damnatory reply, saying: "Apparently he is an honest man, this poor D'Eyrieu."

Estelle wondered to see the *entente cordiale* that sprung up between her husband and the Abbé before dinner was ended. She would have wondered still more, had she imagined that side by side with their youthful unsophisticated merriment a thanksgiving was floating upwards from the heart of the shabby village Curé for the domestic

happiness which could never visit his own hearth.

While they were taking coffee in the drawing-room, the Curé said—

"I believe your family has always been strictly Legitimist, Monsieur."

"Yes," Raymond replied, "my family is, and has been. I am not. Legitimism is very pretty in theory, but it won't do for the age. The Bourbons—I say it with all respect—are a worn-out race. The guiding hand for us must be a vigorous one. But"—he continued, as D'Eyrieu made a gesture of assent—"we don't say so before my mother, M. l'Abbé, for she would be shocked. She is the most ultra-Legitimist of all the Legitimist party in Languedoc. Her creed may be summed up in three words: Monarchy, Aristocracy, Hierarchy. She shudders at the very sound of Progress. Progress, she will tell you gravely, means Reform; Reform means Liberalism; Liberalism means Socialism, Robespierre, Red-republicanism, Ruin."

The Curé smiled. "I see that I too must keep clear of politics in Madame de Montaignu's presence. I should be sure to get into trouble, for I do not even go with the *parti-prêtre*. But," he added suddenly, "what matters it? A curé has no business with politics; and"—turning to Estelle—"I am sure they cannot interest Madame. Let us speak of other things."

Estelle blushed. It was not true that she felt no interest in politics; she had begun to feel an interest in them for her husband's sake. But as the Curé might have said that by way of changing a subject he did not feel it safe to pursue, she immediately seconded him by putting various questions as to the state of the poor of turbulent Lyons, where he had so long ministered. On such a topic there was no restraint on either side; Estelle felt all her sympathies awakened at the recital of the Curé's long experience; Raymond looked with curiosity and wonder at the man who had spent the best part of his life in viewing squalor and hunger, which he was powerless to remove, without having become either disgusted or hard-

ened. "And yet," thought Raymond, "this man speaks and moves like a gentleman. He has been young, full of all instincts of enjoyment, even as I am now. And, strangest of all, he talks as if it were the most natural thing in the world to be, as it were, hand in glove with that terribly prosaic misery; he does not seem to think there is the least merit in it."

It was late when the Curé took his leave. Estelle turned to her husband, saying, "Do you not like him, Raymond? Is he not good?"

"I think him a very curious study," said Raymond, lighting a cigar; "and an honest man, as far as a priest can be. But—who knows?" he continued, with a shrug of the shoulders—"perhaps this very straightforwardness is a mask put on for you and me."

"Oh!" cried his wife. "I am sure he does not wear a mask. I am sure none but a good man could speak and look as he does. I think he is just the sort of man I could go to for advice, supposing I were in trouble."

"Mignonne, I will not have you talk such nonsense," said Raymond, authoritatively. "You in trouble! You, *my* wife, seek counsel from a priest! *Più done!*"

"But married people do have trouble," said his wife, timidly.

"Where there is no love—yes; but for you and me what trouble could there be except separation? And who or what, except death, could separate us? Only death," he added, shuddering, after a pause, drawing her close to him. "Only death! Ah, mignonne, let us make the most of our one life; let us laugh and love while we may, in despite of the crowned skeleton!"

She did not shudder at his words; neither did she smile at his embrace. She was sorry for him, for she knew that there was another skeleton at the feast besides King Death. Woe to them both on the day when Raymond should first perceive it! But she would school herself, was schooling herself, to love him and forget the other. She lightly laid her hand on his, vowing to

herself that he should never, never know.

"And," said her husband, fondly stroking her hand, after a long silence, "supposing—it is absurd to suppose such a thing, for I shall never cease to love you as long as I live—still, supposing anything were to happen either to you or to myself, requiring counsel or advice—remember this, mignonne: *Marriage is Confession*—ought to be, if it is not. I know not which fills me with the greater horror, to imagine a secret dividing us two, or to imagine a third person the reposer of it."

"I wish you would not speak so," said his wife. Now it was her turn to shudder. Now she saw the other skeleton too plainly.

"You repudiate the idea of secrets?" he cried, pressing his lips to hers. "An absurd idea, is it not, mignonne?"

"Yes," returned Estelle, faintly.

There was a thunderstorm that night, so that the Curé's walk to Toulouse the next day was a muddy instead of a dusty one. He stopped to get his shoes polished by the little shoe-black in the Place du Capitole, and then went to the Cathedral, where he knelt down for a few moments.

He had cudgelled his brains the best part of the night to know what Sa Grandeur could possibly want of him; but had been able to find himself guilty of no offence, either in his ministry or his life, save such as from his weakness and imperfectness he had been falling into all his life long. "If even the greatest saints," he cogitated, "sin seven times a day, what can be our daily offences? Nevertheless, I feel as if the Lord were on my side, and I will not fear what man can do. *Maria beata, ora pro me.*"

"I come by appointment," said he to the archiepiscopal beadle at the entrance of the quadrangle.

"Are you the Curé of Suzon?" the beadle asked.

"I am."

"This way, Monsieur le Curé. Sa Grandeur will receive you in his private room."



"Take an arm-chair, brother," said the Archbishop, in his most winning manner. "I have sent for you to deliver an admonition. The chair opposite me is the most comfortable in the room. Sit down, and take it quietly."

D'Eyrieu sat down, thinking how very different this man was from his dear old friend and diocesan at Lyons.

"My dear brother," the Archbishop continued, "you know you are not a lady's man."

"Certainly not, Monseigneur. I have always distrusted the company of devout ladies—drawing-room nuns, as one may say. God forgive me if I wrong them; but their conversation has always seemed to me more curious than profitable."

"You are perfectly right in theory, brother. I entirely agree with you. But theories must be modified now and then in this world. You have offended the Comtesse de Montaigu. Now I put it to you, was that necessary? Was it wise?"

"I am innocent of all intentional offence," said the Curé. "I have seen scarcely anything of Madame de Montaigu."

"That is just it. She complains you won't go there. She gave you an invitation to dinner, and you have never availed yourself of it."

"I plead guilty to that," said the Curé.

"Well now, dear brother, I put it to you, was it wise to do so? You know the thing this poor dear Comtesse has so much at heart—the conversion of her daughter-in-law. She is quite in low spirits about it, I do assure you. And she thinks you might have done more to further her great wish; indeed she does, my dear Curé."

"In all submission, Monseigneur, I would ask, whether it was at all likely a priest would find the way to a young heart in a house given up to the utmost frivolities of fashion? What would you have said yourself, Monseigneur, had you seen my cassock in the midst of a crowd of idle men and women, bedizened, wigged, and painted, spouting and posturing, and making fools of themselves in every possible manner? Would you

not have told me that I was out of my place, and that my time for seeking to convey spiritual instruction was when the château was deserted by the brilliant frivolous crowd? Frankly, Monseigneur, the Comtesse de Montaigu has been herself, and will be, I fear, the chief marplot, the chief obstacle in the reconciliation of her gentle daughter-in-law."

"*Peste!*" said Sa Grandeur, shrugging his shoulders. "The kind of woman who thinks she can show the way to everybody."

"Precisely so, Monseigneur. Without her, I should be hopeful. With her, this reconciliation may be the work of years. And there is the husband too."

"Heavens! Not turned Huguenot, has he?"

"I was going to say, I wish he had; for that would show that he had a faith of some sort. I very much fear he is an atheist, Monseigneur. That is my impression, I will say. I am bound to admit that it is only an impression, and that I gathered it less from what he said than from what he did not say."

"Dear, dear, what a pity!" said Sa Grandeur, elevating his eyebrows. "But you see, *that* does not give this poor Comtesse any uneasiness: she has her husband as an example of the salutary change a severe illness may produce in a man. The Comte, my dear Curé, was formerly an out-and-out Voltairian; and now his life is quite edifying. So, I pray you, be not in future so chary of seeking the society of the good people of the château."

"I shall obey, Monseigneur." Presently he added: "You will like to know that I dined with the son and his wife yesterday. They were good enough to come themselves and invite me. I passed a very agreeable evening. It has rarely been my good fortune to see such exuberant happiness; and I wish, for the good of the community, that more of these love-matches took place. They are a sight as rare as blessed."

"Very true, my dear Abbé. The only drawback in this case is the religion. And really, as I told the Comtesse, she

should have thought of that before. Enough! I am sure you will do all you can to bring things to a happy ending. You will dine with me to-day, and return to Suzon in the cool of the evening. You will only meet my vicar-general and my private secretary, and we shall talk of literature, of the vintage, and so on—you understand."

And then Sa Grandeur launched forth against the great objects of his aversion, the Jesuits, who were making his life a burden to him just then, from their overweening influence at the court of His Holiness.

"Everything I say or do is taken hold of and misrepresented at Rome," he complained. "I am sure there are Jesuit spies round me." The Curé suggested his changing his household. "*Cui bono?*" said Sa Grandeur. "I might get worse in than what I turned out. Have you seen that church of theirs? Four painted windows in already,—all of them gifts,—and more to follow."

(Monseigneur had two Jesuits in his household. But how he came to find them out, and what he did afterwards, does not enter into the scope of the present narration. It is enough to say that one of the traitors was his private secretary, and the other the beadle.)

The October twilights are of short duration in Languedoc. Night set in long before D'Eyrieu had reached that part of his road which ran through the Montaignu grounds. The storm of the preceding night had refreshed the thirsty earth, and the summer of St. Martin—that pale, still wraith of the fierce, dead summer—had begun its ephemeral reign. Behind him lay the plain in one broad grand sweep, ending in a low serrated white line. Down in the south-west quarter hung a heavy bank of cloud, promising soft rain and mist for the morrow. Before him the Montaignu woods stood out against the violet cloud-flecked sky. A warm south wind stirred the dry maize-stalks and made the leaves flicker and rustle throughout the vineyards, as if a spirit had passed over them. From its couch of moss by the ditch-side, a solitary bullfrog piped its

monotonous call. Its fellows in the distance answered in sweet thirds and fifths, and the wind gathered up the sounds into a chord of music and swept it to the silent north, along with the desolate cry of the nightbird on the marsh and the faint flash of the waters over the weir. The glowworms hid their lamps as the priest's gown brushed past the bushes, the grey moth flew out with a dull whirr, and the bat skimmed away in alarm. One faint ray of light from the silent château cast a glimmer across his path.

D'Eyrieu looked up. It came from the upper story, the abode of the young husband and wife. He knelt, and spread his hands in supplication for them; both so young, both so happy, and, alas! both astray. His heart melted within him, as he reflected that happiness was not likely to bring them to the fold from which they had wandered; and he shrank as the prayer passed his lips that they might be led back to Holy Church through the gates of sorrow, rather than live and die in heresy. Yet he forced himself to pray that it might be so. And then, with a blessing, he rose and passed into the shade of the melancholy beech-woods.

The solitary light came from Estelle's chamber; she was sitting rocking herself to and fro, and weeping quietly lest her husband should hear. And as she wept, she prayed that she might come to love Raymond heart and soul, even as he loved her.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

NEVER perhaps was a young wife's part so hard to play as was Estelle's, during her first year of married life. Any mother-in-law but Madame de Montaignu would have been conquered by her never-failing sweetness of disposition. But Madame had taken a solemn vow not to love her daughter-in-law as long as she remained a heretic. Sometimes she forgot her vow for a few days, and then she was happy, but as soon as she re-

membered it she felt it her duty as a Catholic to be especially disagreeable in order to atone for past amenities; and all concessions on her daughter-in-law's side were forgotten or made light of—the one great result not being obtained, namely, reconciliation to the Church.

For instance, Estelle accompanied the Comtesse willingly enough to the Advent and Lenten stations, when the pulpit was held by famous Catholic orators: she went with her, attired in deep mourning, on the day when the Legitimist noblesse assembled in the Cathedral to commemorate the death of Louis XVI. If she did not, as the noblesse present did, renew a silent oath of fealty to the exile of Frohsdorf while kneeling in front of the catafalque blazing with tapers, which stood in the midst of the darkened nave, she at least was impressed more strongly than most of those present by the funereal shadow caused by the heavy black serge curtain drawn across the choir, by the incense, the dark-robed crowd, and above all by the wail of the organ and the voices of the invisible choristers as they poured forth the solemn "*Requiem eternam dona eis*," to the pathetic music of Mozart's Fifteenth Mass.

Madame de Montaigu was pleased to see her daughter-in-law weep on such occasions. She wept herself for company, and believed that the wish of her heart was about to be answered. Over and over again was she disappointed by seeing that Estelle, in spite of her facility at receiving strong impressions, never intimated a wish to be instructed in the Catholic religion. She would attend a Lenten sermon or a mass for the dead, and come home and say no more about it, in spite of her emotions having been excited during the time: she would even go to hear a Protestant sermon the very day after. Madame had tried to instil some of the Catholic tenets into her mind by making her read books of devotion to her; but Raymond had forbidden this, and had told her that if she required to be read to, she must engage a companion. This had so offended Madame de Montaigu that Estelle had at length, as the only

means of pacifying her, presented a fine set of Easter vestments to the little church of Suzon.

Often did the young wife long for a home less grand and more home-like, where there would be only a husband to please, instead of a mother-in-law whom there was no possibility of pleasing, and who was never so much in her element as when lording it over Raymond and herself.

Raymond would say, after one of the frequent undignified disputes with his mother, "Estelle, your mother would never quarrel like that, would she?" And Estelle could answer truly, that it would be impossible for Mrs. Russell to do so. Raymond would perhaps speculate how much pleasanter it would have been if they had taken up their abode at the Hôtel St.-Jean, instead of at Château Montaigu; but Estelle never followed him in any such speculations. She could not tell Raymond that her old home was hateful to her from its associations. She could only say that she knew her mother to be strongly opposed to the foreign custom of parents and married sons and daughters living under one roof. When Mrs. Russell was expected to pay a visit at the château, it was Raymond who looked forward with gladness to seeing her, not Estelle. Estelle looked forward to her coming with dismay. Alfred was coming too, and Alfred would be sure to offend Madame de Montaigu before long; and then Mrs. Russell would be offended, and there would be a quarrel,—or rather, Mrs. Russell would show her displeasure by preserving an icy silence, and Madame de Montaigu would show hers by saying all sorts of violent and totally irrelevant things, and then turn her wrath upon Raymond for not taking her part.

Beside this, she had a latent, unexpressed dislike to the idea of seeing her mother. Writing had been comparatively easy work, for Mrs. Russell fortunately asked no questions which Estelle would have found difficult to answer. But to find herself face to face with her mother, and feel that she had wronged her so cruelly,—and not her

alone, but Raymond also,—was horrible even in anticipation. She knew that every kind look and word she gave Raymond was a cheat put upon him, the semblance of a love she was always trying to feel, but could not feel for all her trying. Even in the midst of his greatest kindness, the thought of how she was cheating him would so overwhelm her that she could not keep herself from the vain longing that some chance might separate them, and relieve her from listening to a love which she could not return. Feeling all this, it was not possible for her to wish to see her mother's face again.

Mrs. Russell had not been long at the château before she discovered that some unseen barrier lay between herself and her daughter. She had expected to find Estelle changed, it was true. She had looked forward to seeing a certain dignity in her manner, as befitted her new position. The dignity was there, but apart from the dignity there was a frigidity which, though manifested in a negative rather than a positive manner, annoyed and disappointed Mrs. Russell. She had expected to be her daughter's confidante, and Estelle had no secrets to tell her. She had advice ready to be asked for, and Estelle asked for none. She seemed to make it a point equally with her husband, that her mother was to be entertained as an honoured guest. Mrs. Russell could not complain of being neglected. What she complained of was that she was made too much of; that she was too much the guest, and not enough the mother.

She felt that she was being treated badly. Had she not a claim on her daughter's gratitude? Had she not secured for her an excellent position? Had she not thwarted her childish wishes from pure kindness to her and pure desire for her welfare? She had done her best; and if unlucky chance had prevented her knowing of the sudden change of fortune which had fallen to that awkward young barrister—what then? Knowing only what she did, would she have been justified in allowing Estelle to throw herself away?

Was it possible, Mrs. Russell thought, seeing that Estelle so studiously avoided speaking of herself, that this extreme reticence arose from her not having yet got over her silly fancy? Or had she heard of Mr. Vivian's accession to the baronetcy? To both these questions, however, she felt, after due observation, that a negative answer might be returned. Estelle's manner to her husband was perfect, Mrs. Russell was forced to admit. And by dint of various round-about inquiries she was convinced of her daughter's ignorance of Mr. Vivian having succeeded his uncle. It appeared that the sight of an English paper of any sort was unknown at the château. English correspondents Estelle had none. Mrs. Russell asked in some trepidation whether Julia had ever written, and was much relieved to hear that she had not even sent to tell Estelle of her having arrived home safely.

"That was rather a want of politeness," Mrs. Russell said; "but after all it was just like Julia."

"I am glad she has never written," Estelle said. "My husband disapproves of her very strongly."

How much more strongly would he disapprove, thought Mrs. Russell, if he did but know what she knew! She could not but congratulate herself on her good luck in having disposed of her maid Mathurine. With Mathurine she felt she never would have dared return to Toulouse. She had found a place for her with a rich Jewish baroness, where her perquisites would be such as to console her at quitting her English mistress. But Mrs. Russell did not feel it pleasant to talk of either Julia Maurice or Mathurine. To change the conversation she inquired for Mademoiselle Mathilde.

"She is really going to be married," said Estelle. "Madame Fleury has been taking her about everywhere to announce the coming event. M. Beaucens is a *sous-préfet* now; and Raymond told Mathilde that as he would be certain to rise, it was *propre* that she should know Latin and Greek, because when her husband got a *préfecture* she might have all sorts of learned people to entertain.

And poor Mathilde blushed up to the roots of her hair, and looked distressfully at her aunt. Raymond was impertinent enough to say that you had me taught Latin and Greek for fear a *préfet* should want to marry me. Madame Fleury was so impressed that she actually shed tears, and cried, 'Alas! no. I have not been such a virtuous mother as Madame Roussel; I have not made to learn the Latin and the Greek to my beloved niece.' The best of the joke is, that a note came down from Madame Fleury next day, asking my old master's address. And there is Mathilde having a lesson every day."

Raymond, coming in while they were laughing over this absurdity, congratulated himself on having had the tact to leave them so long together; all the while that Mrs. Russell was thinking to herself that she should never wish to be *tête-à-tête* with her daughter again; and that now there was not a creature left who cared very much for her except Alfred.

She began before long to take offence because of Raymond's behaviour to this boy, and to take her daughter to task about it. This was soon after they had left Toulouse for the château.

Master Alfred, not finding room enough in the grounds for his exploits, had turned topsy-turvy for a whole morning over the young asparagus in the kitchen garden. And Raymond, having caught him in the act, had boxed his ears by way of compensation to the outraged feelings of the upper gardener.

"If I had known that my dear boy was to be treated in this way, Estelle, I would never have come to stay under your husband's roof," said the mother, in great heat, as she bathed her son's ear with eau-de-Cologne.

"Alfred was very provoking, and the gardener had spoken to him several times; and if I had seen him I should have been strongly tempted to do as my husband did," said Estelle.

"No son-in-law shall box my boy's ears," exclaimed Mrs. Russell, kissing the right ear, which was the reddest.

"Then perhaps, Mamma," said Estelle,

nettled, "you will be good enough to keep Alfred in something like order. You seem to forget altogether that the house and garden, and everything in it, is my father-in-law's property, and that it will not be at all agreeable to my husband to be taken to task about the damage done by his brother-in-law. And I must tell you it is not Alfred's first offence; the gardeners have complained repeatedly to my husband about it. And I hope he will box Alfred's ears again, if he catches him trampling down the beds."

"You have no feeling," cries Mrs. Russell, "not one spark. Look at the dear child's ears! What a colour!"

"They would be white enough by this time if you had not been rubbing them with eau-de-Cologne," said Estelle, sarcastically. And then Mrs. Russell was very much hurt, and showed it by keeping an uncomfortable silence; sending her daughter to Coventry, in short, as far as it was practicable for a guest to behave so to a hostess. But at last—

There came a fine spring morning when Madame de Montaignu fluttered up and down with more than her usual importance, gave and countermanded orders by the dozen, changed the position of every knick-knack in her daughter-in-law's drawing-room, snubbed her old husband tenfold more than on ordinary days, and, in short, made a great commotion, and enjoyed herself uncommonly.

Raymond had walked unceasingly up and down the house, until told sharply by Madame that her nerves would not stand it; when he subsided meekly into an arm-chair, and read the *Débats* upside down. Even old M. de Montaignu had roused himself from his usual apathetic state, and, aided by his son's arm, had walked upstairs to the room where his tiny grandson lay in a splendid cradle.

The old gentleman sat down in front of it, and gravely put on his gold-rimmed spectacles, while Raymond stood by, looking with an air of great satisfaction at the new-comer.

M. de Montaignu peered into the cradle for one moment, and then, taking

off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, and replaced them in their case.

"Well, what do you think of him?" Raymond inquired, with great eagerness.

"Very ugly," mumbled his father, oracularly.

"Ugly!"

"Remarkably so," pursued the old gentleman, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Thanks, Monsieur," said Raymond, considerably nettled; "I am sorry you took the trouble to come upstairs to see him." He did not mind much on his own account, but he could not brook the idea of anything belonging to Estelle being stigmatized as ugly.

"Yes," said M. de Montaigu, rising slowly, "it was not worth while to come up, certainly. Never mind. Your new acquisition is a fine copper-colour just now, but I daresay he will turn a more Christian hue in time. You will give him the names of our gracious king, remember; and your mother must write, in my name, and beg his Majesty to stand sponsor. I would go to Frohsdorf myself to beg the honour, but I am too feeble. Give me your arm, my son, for I am growing old, very old, alas! and the sooner I am out of the way the better. Take me back to my room, and let me make my salvation in peace. Will that child cry loud, hey? If so, he must be put somewhere where I do not hear him. Noise distracts me; your mother distracts me. Let me be left to make my salvation in peace; do you hear, Raymond?"

Raymond was far too much disgusted to make any reply. He saw his father once more ensconced in his arm-chair, and then took himself off in high dudgeon, muttering things uncomplimentary to M. de Montaigu.

The two grandmammars had already come to the verge of a quarrel several times, although the day was not yet half over; each possessing her own peculiar theory on that momentous subject, the rearing of infants, and adhering thereto in spite of arguments and blandishments from the adverse side.

The nurses, too, had each her own particular and infallible system to carry

out; so that between them all, this infant scion of the noble house of Montaigne-Brueilh might have found the beginning of his life very hard to put up with, had not his papa silenced all objectors by decreeing that *le bébé* was to be managed as Madame Raymond chose, and in no other way whatever.

Madame de Montaigu was for sending the child right off to the mountains to be nursed. She knew a respectable farmer's wife—

"Heavens!" Raymond ejaculated. Send the child away! Have it changed for the nurse's brat, perhaps! What could his mother be thinking of? What would his wife say to such a piece of barbarity?

What should she say indeed? asked Madame, bridling up. Of course she ought by this time to know what she owed to herself, as well as to the child; and if not, she—Octavie de Montaigne, *née* De Brueilh—did, and could inform her. It was her bounden duty, as the wife of the future Comte de Montaigne, to cultivate society. She owed it, not only to Raymond, but to her—Madame de Montaigne. If the *bébé* were kept at home, she would get so stupidly fond of it that she would end by going nowhere. And to immure herself for the sake of a mere infant, who didn't know its mother from its nurse, was too preposterous to dream of. And Madame flounced off to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Russell sat in great state and dignity, not quite recovered from her recent defeat in the cap-and-no-cap skirmish.

Madame, with the consciousness of a late victory, appealed to her as a mother. Mrs. Russell replied coldly that she was not the child's mother, fortunately, and would have no more to say.

"But," insisted Madame, "it is really not proper."

"A truce to the proprieties," cried Raymond, angrily. He had come to Mrs. Russell, hoping to win her over to his side. But Madame turned, and opened her whole verbal battery upon him with such effect that he fled dis-



committed to the conservatory, where his mother-in-law found him half an hour later in one of his angriest moods, switching off the heads of the plants as he walked.

"My mother is a monster of cruelty," he began.

"My dear Raymond—" Mrs. Russell interrupted.

"Stop, mother-in-law," he cried; "let me have my say once for all. I and my wife want our children to grow up loving us. Now just hear how I was brought up. In the first place, I never saw either father or mother till I was five years old. There was an elder son, and it was not till his death that they bethought themselves that they had another child. When I made my appearance, they were so disgusted to find that I resembled exactly the peasant children amongst whom I had been brought up, that they packed me off as soon as ever my college uniform could be got ready. My mother took years to overcome her dislike to me. Her fine feelings were so ruffled, forsooth, at my bad manners and my *patois*, and above all at the unnatural persistency with which I regretted the peasant woman who had been a mother to my infancy. A mother is a mother, everybody knows; but I do wish my son to love his mother a little better than I loved mine, when I was a boy."

Here Madame de Montaignu rustled in and inquired, with an injured air, whether Raymond had thought of sending for the Curé to have the child baptized.

No, Raymond said, he had not. It did not matter; it could be deferred.

"Deferred!" Madame cried. His child nearly a day old, and not made a Christian yet? Supposing it died before the priest came. Horrible thought! She should send for him instantly. It was very strange that Raymond should interfere in matters which he did not understand, while he neglected that which it was his most sacred duty to look after. She walked off in great anger, and Raymond, invoking patience, followed her.

"My dear mother," he said, taking her arm, "I have promised my wife that she shall bring up her child in her own religion, and it is to be baptized by the Protestant pastor."

"How could you be such a fool!" exclaimed Madame.

"Fool or not, the promise is passed; and I abide by it."

"But you know," she insinuated, "a promise made to a heretic is not binding."

"Madame! would you have me break faith with my own wife?" said he with a voice of utter scorn.

"But she is a heretic," persisted the Comtesse.

"If there is to be peace between us," retorted Raymond, "you will never call her by that name again."

"Have you forgotten the terms of the marriage contract?" Madame asked angrily.

"What of it," said he, "if she and I agree to set it aside? I believe that a mother has the first claim over her child's body and soul; and as long as she teaches him to love and obey her——"

"Listen, Raymond," said the Comtesse, "I would rather see your child dead than entertain such a horrible proposal. There has never been a heretic Montaignu yet, and there never shall be, while I live to prevent it."

"Depend upon it, mother, if he wishes very much to be a Catholic when he grows up, I shall be the last man to prevent him."

"So," cried Madame, with unfeigned horror, "you would leave it to your son's option to be saved or damned! Very considerate of you, indeed! No, my son; for you, indeed, I fear there is but little hope, but I will do what I can to save my first grandchild from perdition. Heavens! that a son of mine should say such things to my face! What have I done to deserve such an affliction? I do not blame Estelle. If she, poor thing, wishes her child to be baptized by a heretic, 'tis because she knows no better. But to see you, who have received a Christian education, thus calmly propose to barter your child's

salvation, is so horrible that it makes me shudder. Alas! I know too well the origin of this laxity; it arises from the soul-destroying doctrines you imbibe from those wicked Socialist books you and your wife are so fond of reading."

"I am responsible to nobody for the books I read," said Raymond, whose patience was quite worn out.

"More's the pity," continued Madame; "especially when the books are written by such men as Comte and Proudhon. My director says——"

"Confound your director!" cried Raymond. "Will you please to understand, Madame, once for all, that I decline interference in my affairs of any kind whatever."

"I do it for the sake of your soul's salvation."

"I tell you, I won't be interfered with; I'll read what books I please: and hear me, Madame, if I and my wife choose, every one of our children shall be baptized by the Pastor."

"There is no salvation out of the pale of the Church!" shrieked Madame, with uplifted hands.

"And if you don't keep quiet, I'll become a Protestant too."

"Oh no, no, no!" cried she, bursting into tears. "My Raymond, my only son, turn heretic and kill me with grief and shame? Anything rather than see you forsake the Catholic Church."

Her distress was so genuine that her son was mollified. "Poor woman," he thought, "I suppose she is fond of me after a fashion, although she does manage to worry me out of my senses. Well, mother," he said aloud, "I won't do anything without due consideration. But you please to understand that I meant what I said just now about non-interference in my family concerns. As to my wife, I am much mistaken, mother, if she does not enter the kingdom of heaven—wherever that is—before you and me."

"Ah!" sighed the Comtesse, "if she were but Catholic! If that D'Eyrieu had been a man of talent, he would have converted her in a month. Raymond, I shall send for my director——"

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind," said he; "for neither my wife nor I wish to have anything to do with him. Now, mother, I am going to be quite open and above board. I am just about to write a note to Pastor Cazères to come and baptize the child. You can be present or not, as you please."

"Thank you, no," said his mother, turning up her nose. "Do you think I would remain in the same room for an instant with that man, so fat and so pompous?"

"A fault," Raymond returned, "which he possesses in common with the Archbishop, our dear cousin, nearly all the canons of the Cathedral, and nineteen out of twenty village curés."

There was unfortunately no denying this, so Madame merely shrugged her shoulders and walked away, declaring she washed her hands of Raymond and his wife and all belonging to them. After such a declaration, it was with extreme surprise that Raymond, as he followed Mrs. Russell into the drawing-room on hearing of the Pastor's arrival, perceived his mother there before him.

"Pray, how long may it take you to baptize a child?" Madame de Montaignu was saying, as she looked M. Cazères over from head to foot.

M. Cazères, perfectly undisturbed by the haughtiness of the Catholic Comtesse, replied that it was simply an affair of ten minutes.

"Ten minutes! Pray, can you get it properly done in that time?"

"Oh dear, yes; what was wanted save a good hearty prayer?" M. Cazères asked, with a look of extreme confidence in his abilities in that line.

Mrs. Russell heard and saw this skirmishing, and felt equally angry with Madame and with the Pastor. Madame, of course, meant to show her contempt for Huguenots. But why could not that vulgar pury man have put on gown and bands, so as to have looked at least pseudo-clerical, instead of standing there in a dusty coat, looking as much as possible like a grocer? Raymond felt no anger with the Pastor; he took him as he found him. But he was angry with

his mother for her bad taste; nor was he better pleased when, as the child's name was asked, she took the words out of his mouth, and named him herself. The deed, however, was done, and could not be cancelled; and consequently, instead of the three names Raymond intended giving, *bébé* was carried back to his mamma with a string of appellations belonging to him, about fifteen in number, beginning with Louis Désiré Henri, and ending with Marie Joseph Jean-Baptiste, just for all the world as if he had been a prince of the Bourbon line.

Estelle was so happy, so grateful to her husband for having carried out her wish to have the child baptized in her own faith, that Raymond felt strengthened to re-enter the lists with his mother, if necessary.

"How beautiful he is!" whispered the young mother, with a sigh of intense happiness. "And what did you call him? A family name, of course."

"He has got enough names to make his head ache," said Raymond. "A conglomeration of all the ancestral names my mother could think of on the spur of the moment, of which, perhaps, the most sensible is Louis Désiré."

"Désiré! There could not be a better name than that." If the very trees had called out the name of Louis, she would not have cared, now. "Désiré! Ah!

Raymond dear, you are glad, doubtless; but you never, never can be so glad as I am."

"And to think," said Raymond after a pause, most injudiciously, it must be confessed—"to think of my mother actually wanting to send him away to the mountains to be nursed!"

"To the mountains! Send *my* baby away! How dare she interfere? How could she be so cruel?" cried Estelle, clasping her child tight. "Raymond, promise me I shall always keep my baby?"

Raymond promised willingly enough; but his injudicious speech did more harm than he had thought possible. He had not imagined, he said humbly, when taken to task by the authorities, that the maternal instinct could be so strongly developed in so short a period. Which apology was received with something very nearly approaching a sneer by his English mother-in-law.

"Your wife," said Mrs. Russell, with great emphasis, "will be like me in that respect, if in no other. I was devoted to my children from their birth." And, although Mrs. Russell praised herself, she spoke with perfect truth.

Raymond sighed to think of his own neglected infancy. "Thank Heaven," he muttered, "my son will be brought up differently. I am glad I married an Englishwoman."

*To be continued.*

## ENGLISH ART.

BY JOHN BURNELL PAYNE.

## I. RETROSPECT.

THE present condition of English Art is due in the main to two revolutionary movements—the pre-Raphaelite reaction of 1849, and the French reaction of 1862. It is impossible within the limits of an article to do more than sketch roughly the history of these movements, and their relations to other phenomena of the time. But such a sketch, however imperfect, will bring us within sight of an interesting question or two, and may have the effect besides of disentangling some obscurely mingled elements in the mental history of annual visitors to the Royal Academy.

Of all the departments of intellectual activity to which the Renaissance gave new life, painting and sculpture were the most partial in their influence. With an exception or two in Spain,—Italy and the Low Countries produced almost all the great painters of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. France had Nicolas Poussin and Le Sueur; England can show no native artist of the first or even of the second rank. Thus all the greater revolutions in Art left this country unaffected. There was no native tradition, either mediæval or classical; and Hogarth, the first great English painter, was also one of the greatest originators of whom the history of Art contains any record. By the true qualities of his genius, he belonged rather to the sixteenth than to the eighteenth century; resembled Shakespeare rather than Addison; founded no school, and left no successors. The theory and practice of Reynolds mark the first introduction among us of the so-called "great" tradition, which he stated and defended in his Lectures, though in his work he

assumed for himself a humbler position. This gifted artist taught that ideal greatness in Art was dependent upon the observance of a set of mechanical rules, which might be abstracted from the works of the great masters. The ideal of beauty was definable by minute proportions among the different features of the face and limbs of the body. A composition in the great manner should have a principal light occupying one-seventh of its space, and a principal shadow occupying one-third of the same. A kind of generalization ought to dignify the accessories. The materials of dresses should be of no particular texture; the soil and plants in the foreground of no marked variety. The actions represented should be heroic or sacred.

It is no wonder if rules like these were unfavourable to the production of great works. To those who have studied Raphael in our day it has become evident that they have no foundation in his practice; that he, like all other artists, founded his ideal creations on the forms which he observed around him, and that, by whatever process of imaginative elevation they were made fitting expressions for the ideas of majesty or holiness, their original character remained unchanged. But the eighteenth century was possessed with this illusion in reference to all the fine arts, and, as a consequence, its best products are those by which it set least store. Reynolds' "Strawberry Girl" will outlive his "Ugolino," and Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverley" will be remembered when his "Cato," in spite of Mr. Andrew Johnson's recommendation, shall be forgotten.

The real work, both of Reynolds and of Gainsborough, was in the strictest sense original. They observed English landscape and English human nature

with fresh perceptions, and represented both with a glowing sense of local and individual character, tinged with that modest and refined poetical elevation which was dear to the hearts, though scorned by the lips, of their contemporaries.<sup>1</sup> They have left behind them a manifold influence. English portrait-painting is to this day unsurpassed, and the strong tradition left by their achievements is as visible in the Exhibition of 1869 as ever. Through Constable our school of landscape gave birth to the French landscape of the Romantic movement; and through Turner, as well as through Constable, Gainsborough is the progenitor of our own existing landscape-painting. The theories of the "Lectures" have been equally fruitful, if not equally beneficial. On the one hand the painters of the school of literary or historical *genre*, including such men as Collins, Webster, and Mulready, were weakened and disheartened by the conviction that their work was of an inferior kind. The decline of drawing and science which marked the English school from the beginning to the middle of the present century was distinctly due to the fact that the studies which are necessary to make an accomplished artist were prescribed only with a view to the historical or ideal department of subject. The "Michael-Angelesque" became a jocose synonym for presumptuous affectation. The "great masters" were studied indeed, and revered from a respectful distance, but this reverence, like devotion in the old age of a religion, bore no fruits of practice. The art of painting lost dignity in the hands of Webster and Mulready, which it did not regain through Etty, and which was changed into contempt at the impotent monstrosities of Haydon. "Gandish" with his "igh Art" survives to mark the estimate which was formed

by the best minds of the pretensions of the English school.

In the meantime landscape had made vigorous progress. Constable and Turner, born within a year of each other, took up the study of nature where Gainsborough had left it. The originality of the former was from the first profoundly associated with his character and convictions. He was still very young when Sir George Beaumont asked him in whose style he proposed to work, and he returned the heroic answer, "In God Almighty's style, Sir George." We are told by his friend Mr. Uwins, that he regarded himself as sent into the world "to convince mankind that nature is beautiful." The scenery of his native Suffolk satisfied him to the last. "I love," said he, "every stile, and stump, and lane in the village [East Bergholt]: as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them." The charm of his pictures arises from their absolute fidelity to sincerely-felt impressions. He saw our English nature in its simplest and most obvious aspects—the earth wrapped in moist vapour, and clothed with juicy green; a sky never clear; no broad or masterful sway of light, but all things shadowed and restrained in a richly-nourished tranquillity. From Constable's example, I think, has been derived the Anglicism of English landscape. The genius of Turner, as it is far less simple, so it has exercised a far less direct and natural influence upon subsequent art. His greatest power, as well as his greatest fame, has been acquired and transmitted by the aid of an interpreter, whose whole work will soon come to be considered in its proper place. It is sufficient here to express, with all respect, the opinion of an individual, that the position of a great master—that is, of a supremely successful executant of original conceptions—can only be claimed for Turner by excluding from the estimate the last twenty years (at least) of his artistic life. But taking his work as a whole, it sums up an important aspect of the intellectual history of England in his time—that extended as

<sup>1</sup> I speak of Sir Joshua as a landscape painter on the strength of a very beautiful specimen in Mr. Thomas Baring's collection, which recalls both by sentiment and design the landscapes of Rubens, another of those great men whose highest strength has been shown in the works they valued least.

well as intensified love of natural beauty which has made the hardships and dangers of Alpine travelling a pastime, and which, even if it is sometimes affected or forgotten in the means adopted to satisfy it, is nevertheless the most real form of emotional satisfaction that is widely diffused in our day.

Parallel and allied to the work of Constable and Turner was the rapid growth of the English art of water-colour. This process is as genuine a product of our soil as the existing manner in portrait-painting, or the realistic landscape of this century. Before Varley, the name was applied to drawings in pencil or chalk delicately coloured with tinted washes—a variety of art full of refinement, but exceedingly limited in means. In his hands, and in those of Barrett and Prout, it became what, until the last few years, we have known it—the art of drawing and colouring with transparent pigments. It was chiefly in this, its original form, that it acquired a popularity which has probably never been equalled by that of any variety of art,—a popularity due to the fact that the most obvious landscape effects are seized by it with perfect facility. The transparency of the medium appears to give to untrained spectators an immediate impression—of a luminous atmosphere for example—stronger than that which they derive from the corresponding effects in oil-painting. It is in satisfying such demands that water-colour is most fitly used, as for example in the admirable works of David Cox, which correspond to aphorisms in literature, and secure in like manner raciness, emphasis, and a certain convincing eloquence, without either the risks or the limitations of more sustained discourse. The increased use of body-colour has so far modified the practice of water-colour painters, that many of their works have almost all the qualities of oil-colour. Mr. Burne Jones's "Circe," in this year's exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society, is a striking example of the force and fulness of colour which may be attained in this medium.

We have seen then that before 1849,

English art included two indigenous and progressive elements—portrait and landscape. It is important to remark that the latter was in the closest possible relation with the parallel development of literature, and especially of poetry. The "communion with Nature," of Wordsworth, had a special meaning to which a parallel expression in Obermann or Jean Paul would furnish no real analogy. In all the imaginary landscapes drawn by the great writers of the Continent, with the single exception perhaps of George Sand, the *sentiment du vague* is apt to rest upon a real vagueness of observation. To distinguish a *sauve pleureur* among trees, to tell a hawk from a heronshaw, is as fine a distinction as Lamartine or Hugo desire to make. But the Lakist who, as M. Taine puts it, seems always out for a walk, with a thick stick in his hand, and, it may be added, mostly walking on a rough path uphill—deals far more closely with Nature. When he addresses the little celandine, he is not thinking of a buttercup. This inclination towards accuracy of fulness of knowledge as a help to enjoyment of Nature is deeply rooted in the English character. Turner, in whom the national peculiarities were strongly marked, translated thus his emotions into statements of fact, and probably knew more about the minute aspects and operations of light, air, water, and vegetation than any other artist that ever lived. Mr. Ruskin was an admirer—so to say, disciple—of Wordsworth, and became by natural fitness the interpreter of Turner.

But that element in the movement of 1849 which was immediately influential on the practice of English artists, had another source. The reaction in favour of mediæval religion, literature, and art had been for some time due in England. Germany and France had each witnessed a vigorous attempt to break the yoke of the Renaissance tradition. The Revolution of July had precipitated the conflict, which was intensified by a change that dissolved for ever the supposed affinity of classical conventions for Republican-



ism, and of native traditions for monarchy and Catholicism. A similar misunderstanding had prevailed in England; besides which, a society hardly touched by the great Revolution experienced the reaction of sentiment in a milder form. Scott's inaccurate but picturesque Gothic contented English readers, whose sympathy stops short in time at the Reformation as readily as it does in space at either Channel. From all these causes, and others, it happened that the mediæval revival on the Continent met with little recognition or imitation in England. Its first appearance here was indeed unfortunate, for it came in the questionable shape of Puseyism. The pre-Raphaelite movement in its early days was naturally suspected of an alliance with Popery, and the author of the "Essay on Sheep-folds" was a valuable ally, not only on other grounds, but also because of his undoubted Protestantism; but it was soon seen to be neither a Protestant nor Popish dogma that these young painters felt called to proclaim.

They aspired to no more or to no less than to be the reformers of English art. The academical theories had fallen into a contempt which was only too well justified by the doings of their authorized exponents. What good work was produced came in spite of them, or in neglect of them; and since artists as a body renounced all the higher claims which had been asserted in the great times of Art, so the lower efforts of which alone they thought themselves capable sank into mere manifestations of a slovenly conventional facility. With the instinct of revolutionists, the pre-Raphaelites attacked the principles which were asserted to form the basis of the existing practice. "Raphael is your model? But there were painters before Raphael. The 'great manner' was the perversion of a greater, before the thoughts and works of dead men had been revived to control the living. Mechanical rules cannot help you to idealize: Nature herself will do that." And then all the train of time-honoured maxims about the following of Nature, the duty

of a humble attitude towards that which *is*—so hard to deny, so much in need of explanation and limitation—came in with the force of new discoveries. In the Exhibition of 1849, the astonished public saw these views embodied for the first time in Mr. Millais' "Isabella" and Mr. Hunt's "Rienzi." These works were in startling contrast with the practice of the day, and, it may be added, with that of all periods in which Art has in any degree satisfied love of beauty. In their hard-favoured countenances and sternly realistic forms, as well as in the minute treatment of detail, they resemble rather the early Flemish and German pictures than any of the Italian schools. They followed the practice of the times when practice was based on insufficient observation, by banishing the use of half-tints; thus wiping out at a blow atmospheric truth and the suggestions of imaginative pleasure which have gathered round subdued colour and the capricious mysteries of shade. Finally, there was in these and in all the early pre-Raphaelite pictures an additional and peculiar quaintness, apparently studied, of which the causes are more recondite because evidently not voluntary. Something may be due to the sense of constraint which an intense desire to be natural in an artificial world provokes from the irony of fate. But the chief cause was probably that which is most obviously suggested by the circumstances. A certain tender simplicity, rightly called artlessness, is proper to the times in which only a small portion of men's actions have been brought under the light of reflection, before leisure, peace, and inherited sensibility have combined to produce a habit of criticism. In the pre-critical ages, men were content to remember, and capable of enjoying in record, movements, attitudes, and actions which to their descendants seem painfully discordant with the sentiments or events to which they are attached by association. The attempt to set ourselves back into that lost state of mind is like trying to jump off our shadow. The acquired nature has become, by hereditary transmission, one

with the original stock. Strong necessity forbids us to be simple, as men were simple to whom life itself and their own thoughts presented in comparison little variety; and the attempt to be so is avenged by the appearance of a special affectation.

If the works of Mr. D. G. Rossetti were, or indeed had ever been, accessible to the public,<sup>1</sup> I could appeal to them by way of supplement to what has been just said in reference to the general character of the earlier exhibited pictures of the pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Rossetti's works were, indeed, at this time, neither devoid of beauty, nor bare of atmosphere, nor harsh in colour, nor ungainly in gesture; but they were profoundly tinged with quaintness, if the word can be used in consistency with the limitations just stated. Poetical intensity took the form in them, as in Keats's "Endymion," of a passionate supersubtlety—an artless, almost plaintive, refinement. Qualities of this kind, though they almost invariably mark the first attempts of true genius, are always misunderstood by the greater number, for whom all that the most favouring circumstances can do is to provide two or three strictly conventional modes of elevated enjoyment. Mr. Rossetti's work has, however, exerted an influence on artists themselves altogether out of comparison with the scanty extra-professional recognition it has received. The mediæval element in pre-Raphaelitism and in contemporary poetry is probably due to his initiative, while the realistic side of the matter has an indigenous ground in the tendencies represented at first by Wordsworth and Turner, and summed up later by Mr. Ruskin.

Only the first two volumes of "Modern Painters" had been published in 1849, when the pre-Raphaelites made their first protest. The first of these was devoted, as we all know, to asserting the excellence of English landscape-

painting against the Continental schools, and the second to ascertaining some of the principles of landscape art. This glorious book did two things: it created at once, by the mere contagion of its clear and noble enthusiasm, a public—a sympathetic environment for Art and all its interests; and reasserted for landscape-painting a high standard of truth and feeling from which it had been steadily falling under the dynasty of the drawing-masters—the painters who had a "touch" for each kind of tree, who communicated a shorthand of "effects," and were, in fact, like Academicians seen through the wrong end of the telescope. There were, no doubt, points of contact between Mr. Ruskin's views and those which led to the pre-Raphaelite reaction. There was a common opposition, though on different grounds, to the Academy and to academic teaching; a common leaning to exactness and fullness of imitation, and a common inclination—though this, as it proved, was a passing phase of feeling with the chief pre-Raphaelites—towards using Art consciously to express moral truths and compass moral ends. Moved, probably more by such general coincidences of view as this than by a complete sympathy with their aims and methods; and recognising, with the assurance of insight, that there was ability on their side, and, for the most part, "other-than-ability" on the side of their opponents, Mr. Ruskin published a pamphlet in defence of their works ("Pre-Raphaelitism," 1851). This does not concern us here further than it gives us occasion to note that Mr. Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites henceforth appeared to the public to make a common front, and that his successive appearances in several subsequent years as their defender, in his "Notes" on the

<sup>1</sup> This word, in 1869, means something very different from what it meant twenty years ago, and includes a very large number of persons in whom the announcement of an Exhibition of Mr. Rossetti's works would raise expectations of the highest pleasure.

<sup>1</sup> So, in the pamphlet of which I am about to speak, the pre-Raphaelites are bidden to be assured "there is a great truth lurking in that common desire of men to see things done in what they call a 'masterly,' or 'bold,' or 'broad' manner. . . . The freedom of the lines of nature can only be represented by a similar freedom in the hand that follows them."—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 63, 64.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy, confirmed this view.

Let us take account once more then of the varieties subsisting in English art after the pre-Raphaelite movement had called up again the stir of life.

The old historical, or historical *genre*, painters went on, and most of the exhibiting youth followed them more or less. But in spite of all the outcry against it, pre-Raphaelitism was spreading laterally, and improving especially the colour of many who little suspected the fact.

The highly artificial school of landscape which was in possession of the field remained so, both at the Academy and at the Water-Colours, with but little lateral influence from pre-Raphaelitism; least of all at the Water-Colours, where a facile and saleable method was more in request than one founded on this or that principle.

The pre-Raphaelites—who increased very slowly in (exhibiting) numbers, owing partly to Academic repression, partly to defections—were changing or developing their practice. Mr. Millais early deserted religious symbolism for subjects of history or contemporary life. In the “Huguenot” (1852), he displayed for the first time his great, though apparently capricious dramatic faculty. In “Autumn Leaves” (1856), he displayed, for the last time up till this day, in my humble opinion, the intimate and penetrating poetry of which he was once a master. From that year to this, he has continued to gain in mastery over the art of painting; and there is now probably no living man of the same vigour as a colourist.

A sternly realist school of landscape appeared in these years. Mr. Inchbold and Mr. Brett may be said to have rediscovered foreground; and the minute studies which they produced, chiefly of foreground details, showed both knowledge and feeling. Both have since painted greater subjects in a broader style. Their work has had many imitators, the majority of whom imitate the *look* of detail rather than the details of their subject. Nothing is more mind-

less than this sham pre-Raphaelitism, which takes in many of the visitors to the Academy, if one may judge by their remarks. Real detail is worth spending labour upon, if only as a *procès-verbal*. Sham detail is like the “graining” of a door to represent that wood of which it is not made. It will please the vulgar, but should deceive nobody.

In spite of all that pre-Raphaelitism had done for English art, it had not given that which it was itself in want of—technical knowledge. By technical knowledge I mean, first, the power of drawing, in the most speedy and at the same time accurate manner arrived at by human experience, the outlines and varying surfaces of all things, more especially of the human frame; then the method of painting, and the value of colours, light and shade, and composition, both in lines and masses. Artists educated in England, if they possess these and a hundred other necessary faculties, have laboriously acquired them for themselves, by a process of solitary experiment. For the Academy, however academical, has never yet done its work in England as a teaching institution. To pre-Raphaelites, it may be presumed, all this seemed to tend to the “Lectures,” and hence their indifference, for themselves and others, to a refined accuracy of drawing. But it was just when the doctrines expounded by Reynolds were bearing their most abundant fruit on the Continent, that the Continental schools were at their lowest—we had almost said their vilest—and it needed not only the French Revolution, but also M. Jacques David, the intimate friend of Robespierre, to restore the importance of Art. Under this terrible master, French painting was drilled and trained into accuracy and seriousness after its period of debauch under the two last Louises. To drop metaphor, he introduced an extreme severity of colour and drawing, and got his countrymen to accept it as part of the dowry of the Revolution. A whole generation of artists had virtually no other master; and though they grew up in many cases

to renounce his allegiance, yet they could not renounce that cunning of the hand which they had earned in painting nude figures in hard cold colour. By a singular fate, David, after the Restoration had banished the regicides from France, took up his abode in Brussels, and became, during the last ten years of his life, the restorer of the Flemish school. As the founder of a new and rigid academical system, David has perhaps been the author of as much misery as happiness to the world. Some relaxation was introduced into the academical tradition by Ingres, whom we, in our turn, have come to look upon as a veteran of "severity." From 1822 to 1830, Eugène Delacroix was fighting the battle of freedom, and with the old monarchy the old régime in painting disappeared, or at least abdicated, in July 1830. Since that time of Romantic triumph the greatest licence has prevailed about subject, treatment, and many of the other points to which the old restrictions were directed; but it is not, we believe, maintained by any one that in the matters more properly amenable to discipline there has been serious decline. Mere blunders in drawing are regarded in France as disgraceful to an artist, in the same degree that a blunder in grammar is disgraceful to a public speaker. In either case, there may be licences which are actually called for by the sense, needed

or natural to emphasize a point. Such variations are incidental to a fervent temperament, and have nothing in common with ignorance. Only long-continued observation and practice can enable a man to draw from a model in a difficult position with tolerable accuracy: how much more to predict and put in the exact position of this or that limb in a crowded scene! But it is unnecessary to prove that drawing is a most difficult art, and needs to be learnt long and laboriously, from a master whose business it is to make sure that the pupil learns it, and whose responsibility is not divided. With regard to painting, it will be generally agreed by those competent to form an opinion, that there is only one place for learning it, and that is the workshop of a painter.

What wonder, then, if in technical qualities English art stands lower than that of any European nation, seeing that the teaching of drawing is here unsystematic and perfunctory, while there is absolutely no means whatever of learning how to paint? Our deficiencies in these respects were brought vividly home to us in 1862, when the foreign rooms at the International Exhibition gave a refreshing sense of sanity and power by their contrast with the caprice and ignorance that characterised our own display. How the lesson told shall be considered in another article.

*To be continued.*

## M. VICTOR HUGO'S NEW ROMANCE.

THE merits and the faults of M. Victor Hugo in his capacity of prose-writer are by this time pretty conclusively established and understood. Those who care least for his romances admit their power, while those who admire them most admit their extravagance. The reader of *Les Misérables*, or *The Toilers of the Sea*, perceives that he is in the presence of an author of superb imagination, striking power of expression, and elevated and intense social feeling. In describing the forces of nature, their cruelty, inscrutableness, blindness, Hugo has no rival. In describing the hardly less blind and cruel working of the forces of society, of the wills and passions of men ruining the lives of blameless ones, of foregoing destinies which cursed human creatures before they were born into the world, he is impressive above all men that have written in any tongue; because to an Oriental sense of the stupendousness of pre-ordained Fate he adds the rebellious sense, peculiar to the Western, of its horror and exasperating moral wrong. But the question among critics with reference to Victor Hugo as novelist is mostly a question of excess or proportion. One school refuses to pardon to his genius the absence of balance in phrase, in sentiment, in construction. It finds his figures monstrous, his colouring violent and unnatural, his composition theatrical, strained, and intolerably self-conscious. His sincerity of social feeling is not impugned, but the self-indulgent violence and artificiality of representation are held to bring this inner sincerity down to the level, practically viewed, of actual falsehood; for is not overstrained truth of the nature of untruth?

In distinction from critics of this stamp, who worship form and adore moderation, are others who, while not failing in their relish for sober and harmonious tone and perfect finish and

proportion, yet insist on doing justice to the art of gigantic strokes, violent contrast and colossal canvas, provided only it be found along with humanity of purpose and penetrating vision. The last two justifying qualities one can hardly deny to Hugo; and it is particularly needless to deny them to him in connexion with his last work, or to enter into any general discussion about them, because this work is so crowded with absurdities and follies that the author's characteristic merits hardly appear, and therefore can hardly be pleaded in set-off, as, in our opinion, they certainly ought to be in the case of the *Misérables* or the *Travailleurs de la Mer*. In the present instance the question no longer appears in its usual form as a question of proportion, harmony, or balance. The striking faults are not the usual faults of excess. The book is profoundly unsatisfactory, not because the author declaims, or blows out rhetorical cheeks, or offends us with passages of prolonged staccato, or is ever striking a melodramatic attitude. These evil things are here too, abundant as ever, but one loses sight of them in the universal medley of extravagances. And it should be said that a writer who permits himself to be extravagant should at any rate never permit himself to be weakly extravagant. *Si peccas pecca fortiter*. If reality is to be outraged, and the course of human probability to have violence done to it, at least let largeness of feeling, and reasonableness of ultimate design, and size of the forming ideas, recompense us for poverty or eccentricity in details. Hitherto Victor Hugo has saved himself, in the eyes of the catholic critic at all events, for he has redeemed much that is ridiculous by more that is sublime. His conception has generally been great and moving, and under shadow of this a good many dwarfing eccentricities went, not exactly

unobserved, but easily and gladly disregarded, as not being of the essence of the matter. Perhaps there was always absent that element of self-respect which should restrain an artist from pursuing effect at all hazard, without scruple or limit, and hold him back from resort to devices and arts unworthy of his genius and his character. No man who will condescend to take the reader by storm anyhow, can be held to respect himself; and the artist who fails in the perfection of self-respect is tolerably sure to end in the strangest quagmires and most distorted achievement. This consideration is the drawback to one's enjoyment of artistic unscrupulousness in connexion with artistic power. We are charmed by boldness, originality, and a vehement expression of the writer's own personality, but we ought to be filled with alarm for what all this may come to and end in. The qualities which have given you sublimity may, in their degeneracy, give you only the grotesque; and a contempt for reserve and moderation and self-restraint, which in the hey-day of creative vigour is not inconsistent with permanently noble work, is more likely than not to end in the production of simply barbarous ugliness. This is one reason why it is worth while to call attention to M. Victor Hugo's newly-published novel, the most recent example of what unscrupulous and immoderate straining after effect may bring even one of the greatest of authors down to. The lesson is not agreeable or pleasant to meditate, for one would always prefer to find a man of Hugo's genius and humanity wholly admirable, or at least to forget his failings as kindly as we know how; but if not agreeable, the warning is wholesome. Power is essentially rebellious against accepted and currently imposed forms, and if the rebellion be judicious, it is the secret of new shapes of artistic perfection. If, however, it be perverse, wild, and egotistic, it only gives us monsters.

Those who knew how little M. Hugo understands England, her history, her people, her tongue, were from the first prepared for strange things, when it

was stated that the scene of *L'Homme qui rit* was fixed in this country. These forebodings of strange things have been more than justified; we find ourselves plunged into the midst of things the very strangest. We have hardly got through thirty pages when we are confronted by an astounding list of the English peerage in the time of James II, ending with one, "Lord Linnæus Clancharlie," as funny and impossible a title as anyone could wish to invent. Lord Linnæus Clancharlie has an illegitimate son, fearfully and wonderfully named, Lord David Dirry-Moir; "he was lord by courtesy," the author explains, "his mother being a lady of quality." Then there is a Duchess Josiane, an illegitimate daughter of James II, over whom, by the by, Queen Anne has the marvellous prerogative of being able to force her to marry a given person. Surely, no living creature could have been by any chance styled "Lady Josiane" at this time, and still less could the Constitution in Anne's reign empower the sovereign to ordain compulsory marriages upon royal bastards. One would like to know too by what law of verbal formation we come to such a word as Gwynplaine, the name of the unfortunate *homme qui rit*. And ever so little pains would have taught M. Hugo that it is not only unusual, but practically impossible, for the populace of Southwark to christen a sailor Tom-Jim-Jack. Mark the following exquisite bit of dialogue:—

"Comment es-tu ici, Gwynplaine?  
Et toi, Tom-Jim-Jack, comment y viens-tu?  
Tu t'es déguisé pour venir ici, Gwynplaine.  
Et toi aussi, Tom-Jim-Jack.

Gwynplaine, que signifie cet habit de seigneur?

Tom-Jim-Jack, que signifie cet habit d'officier?

Gwynplaine, je ne réponds pas aux questions.

Ni moi, Tom-Jim-Jack.

Gwynplaine, je ne m'appelle pas Tom-Jim-Jack.

Tom-Jim-Jack, je ne m'appelle pas Gwynplaine.

Gwynplaine, je suis ici chez moi.  
Je suis ici chez moi, Tom-Jim-Jack."

—Vol. iv. p. 150.



These whimsical absurdities of designation are the less pardonable, because M. Hugo is excessively fond of a parade of minute erudition and elaborate exactitude; and his present work, like its predecessors, has many whole pages of ostentatious display of a learned realism, which is in truth uncommonly hollow. Far-fetched bits of knowledge may impose upon the groundlings, and even upon the author himself; yet one would gladly surrender the whole parcel of these purple patches, if only the writer had taken the pains to make a sober acquaintance with the facts essential to the truth and effectiveness of that local colouring by which he seems to set so much store. The chapter on the *Comprachicos* in the first volume is prodigious in its profusion of ethnological strokes, and yet the whole nomenclature of the book is prodigious for its ethnological confusion. How, we should be glad to know, did any official in the English Admiralty come to be called *Barkilphedro*? One would look leniently enough upon blunders of this stamp, if the writer did not expressly invite our attention to his realism and his learning by such superfluous devices as carefully setting down the conversations of the *Comprachicos* now and again in real Spanish.

But there is a deeper unreality than this of surface. "The true title of this 'book,'" says the author in his preface, "would be *Aristocracy*. Another book, 'which is to follow, will possibly be called *Monarchy*. And these two 'books, if it is allowed the author to 'complete his work, will precede and 'lead to another, to be called '93." "*L'Homme qui rit*," therefore, is designed for a large study of the aristocratic spirit and its fruits. "It is in 'England that this phenomenon, *la 'Seigneurie*, must be studied, just as it 'is in France that we must study the 'phenomenon *Royalty*." And this is, of course, quite true historically. In France, the course of development lay towards a consolidated and centralized monarchy, from a bundle of detached and half-sovereign states. In England,

on the other hand, the nobles gradually became strong, and royal prerogative grew weak in proportion. In France, before 1789, the monarchic idea was supreme; in England, after 1688, a patrician oligarchy, recruited from commerce, and slightly from law, took the reins into their hands, and held them without much interruption until the first Reform of the Lower House. What is still more important, the social power was theirs, as it is to so large an extent theirs even to this hour. It is strictly correct, then, that the part which oligarchic or aristocratic institutions and spirit have played in the history of mankind in Western Europe, should be studied in England. And it is undeniable, that from M. Hugo's social point of view, and with the power which he has so abundantly shown in previous works of vivid, fiery, and intense presentation, the ideas of our aristocracy, the gulf which separates them from the labourers whose sweat earns their luxury, the meannesses by which the new rich crawl towards the class which has the fortune to possess ancestors, would all have furnished a splendid subject for an impassioned protest and remonstrance in the name of humanity, love, and justice. We say nothing as to the philosophic value which such a diatribe would have been likely to possess, nor as to its artistic fitness, nor as to the help which it might have contained towards a worthy solution of the problems and difficulties of the time. Many considerations would in such a case have deserved weighing which are now wholly superfluous. Instead of a study we have a burlesque; instead of a sublime protest we have a parody: for men and women the reader watches monsters, for a play of passion the contortion of a phrenetic imagination, for high and sober dealing with the ruling facts of human relation a mere revel of grotesques. The least that one could ask in a study of aristocracy or of anything else is, that there should be some sort of reproduction of the conditions of the object studied. Exaggerate the scale as largely as you will; be ingenious, original, startling as you will in

the discovery of new aspects and unsurmised bearings; but in the name of all truth and fitness of things, let verisimilitude count for a little among the virtues of the poet, and this above all, if the poet have turned round and posed himself as the social philosopher.

The shape and mould of the new study of our aristocracy is this. A band of lawless vagrants, in the reign of William III. fleeing from new laws against foreign vagabonds, are disclosed to us as they embark on board a strange bark in Portland Bay: one after another of the troop crosses the plank which connects the boat with the shore, until the last of them upsets the plank, leaving behind on the rock a child of ten, amazed and stupefied at the desolation in which he is thus unexpectedly left. The band is a band of the Comprachicos, adepts in child-stealing, and in the subtler arts of the mutilation and disfigurement of children whose identity, for this reason or for that, was inconvenient to anybody powerful enough to hire and pay the Comprachicos. The child is one of their victims, the son of a rebellious and exiled nobleman, Lord Clancharlie. James II. hated the exile, and by his orders the unhappy infant had been seized by the Comprachicos, the most skilful of whose number had then craftily, by knife and searing-iron, by bandage and compress, made the creature's face over again, in such sort that a frightful and ghastly grin was stamped upon it for all time. Hence, "*L'homme qui rit*." The first volume, which introduces us to our monstrous hero, presents to us also Ursus, a travelling showman of the philosophizing type, now tolerably familiar in fiction; Homo, his dumbly philosophizing wolf; and Dea, whom Gwynplaine had rescued on the night when he had been abandoned by the Comprachicos, as she lay, an infant, perishing in a snow-drift, on the bosom of a dead mother. The two babes find shelter in the depth of the night with the showman, and the fortunes of the three are henceforth inextricably bound up together.

The power shown in the first volume is, in its own order, supreme; though to the reader who remembers the sublimities of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, the power has none of the attraction that springs of novelty. The description of the snow-storm at sea, in which the bark containing the fugitive Comprachicos, after half a score of magic escapes, at length founders in smooth water, is full of splendid touches, of force, and of a fine sustentation. There are intrusive bits of melodrama and intrusive bits of pedantry, but they instantly pass forth again from the reader's mind amid the striking and absorbing horrors of the nocturnal tempest. We forget the offence of flashy antithesis, and patchy erudition, in the power which can call up so vividly before us the sound of the roaring of the abysses of the sea, the mysterious ever-changing wail of the winds, and the sight in the darkness of the cloud of spectral profiles, preterhuman shapes, and monstrous terrifying forms. There is hardly less force, though perhaps it is less effective on a first reading, in the companion piece, the description of the same storm on land. One receives a sublime impression of resistless desolation; the wretched child makes his way for very life over rugged and ice-glazed crags, over moors swept by biting winds laden with blinding snow; through streets of silent, darkened, pitiless houses; under a gibbet where a troop of carrion-crows with dire cries rend the flesh off the bones. There is possibly a strain after horrors in the elaboration of the frightful scene of the gibbet; the hideous details of sight and sound, of ghastly form, rusty creaking chain, ravening beaks, are piled up with an effect that is rather coarse and theatric than such as a more fastidious and scrupulous artist would desire. After all, it is so easy to be horrible; no effect is so cheaply attainable, provided you will stoop to the cheap method, which it must be avowed that Victor Hugo does not always disdain to do. To plant a group of crows on a gibbet is permissible enough, no doubt; but is it well to gloat for paragraph after paragraph upon

so vile a scene? The long combat between the foul crows and the carcass violently drawn and tossed from under them, first in this direction, then in that, by the fitful vehemence of the wind, is an excess of rebellion against the loveliness and harmony of art. "Le mort" "sembla pris d'une vie monstrueuse. Les souffles le soulevaient comme s'ils allaient l'emporter; on eût dit qu'il se débattait et qu'il faisait effort pour s'évader; son carcan le retenait. Les oiseaux répercutaient tous ses mouvements, reculant, puis se ruant, effa-rouchés et acharnés. Le mort poussé par tous les spasmes de la bise avait des soubresauts, des choes, des accès de colère, allait, venait, montait, tombait, refoulant l'essaim éparpillé. Le mort était massue, l'essaim était poussière. La féroce volée assaillante ne lâchait pas prise et s'opiniâtrait. Le mort, comme saisi de folie sous cette meute de becs," &c. &c. This is but a touch, from which the reader may conjecture the rest. However we may settle to draw the line between melodrama and tragedy, it is certain that here, at any rate, is melodrama of the coarsest.

Whatever may be the faults of the first volume, they sink into insignificance when we find that, compared with the three volumes which follow, this is faultless. With one or two exceptions, which we shall point out presently, the staple of three-fourths of the work is moonshine, and moonshine made ugly by a hundred distortions and grotesque artifices. The plot may be stated very shortly indeed, such as it is. Gwynplaine and Dea wander over the country with Ursus, the terrible hideousness of the Man with the Grin exerting a profound fascination over the crowd at all fairs and public gatherings at which he performs. Eventually they come to Southwark, at that time, says M. Hugo, who must be supposed to know, pronounced *Soudric*; "to-day, it is called *Sous-souorc*, or something very like it." One night an astonishing person called "le Wapentake" makes his appearance in "le Green Box," and tapping Gwynplaine on the shoulder with an iron rod bids him fol-

low, an injunction to which Gwynplaine instantly submits, remembering a lecture which Ursus had given him a little while before upon the nature and functions of the Wapentake, and which is perhaps as droll a piece of absurdity as anything in an absurd book:

"Qu'est ce que c'est que le Wapentake ?

C'est le bailli de la centaine.

Qu'est ce que c'est que le bailli de la centaine ?

C'est le *propositus hundredi*.

Qu'est ce que c'est que le *propositus hundredi* ?

C'est un officier terrible.

Qu'est ce qu'il a à la main ?

C'est l'iron-weapon.

Qu'est ce que l'iron-weapon ?

C'est une chose de fer."

And so this most preposterous catechism goes on over some three pages. No wonder that Gwynplaine follows the terrible Wapentake. By and by he finds himself in a dungeon, where, after much melodramatic conjuring and mystery, it comes out that the Comprachicos just before foundering had written out a confession of the crime which they had aided and abetted in stealing the son of Lord Clancharlie and mutilating him; that this confession, which had been enclosed in a gourd, had floated on the waves, and somehow found its way into the hands of an Admiralty official; that he had discovered in the prisons of Chatham or elsewhere the member of the vagrant band who had actually performed and tended the mutilating process. The malefactor is now confronted with his victim, whom he has no difficulty in recognising, because the peculiar operation of *denasatio* was known to nobody but himself, and he had only performed it upon the son of Lord Clancharlie. Thus all becomes clear and in order; and Gwynplaine to his amazement hears himself addressed as "my lord." "You fancy yourself Gwynplaine," says one to him; "you are Clancharlie. You fancy yourself of the people; you are of the nobility. You fancy yourself in the lowest rank; you are in the highest. You fancy yourself a mountebank, you are a senator;" and so forth and so forth,

in the most consummate staccato. This brings us to the close of the third volume. Into the opening act of the last volume it will perhaps be as well not to enter. The Duchess Josiane is one of those morbid female studies which Victor Hugo might wisely have left to the sickly grossness of M. Feydeau. *Noblesse oblige*, and it is mournful that a writer of Hugo's size and power should sink to the elaboration of a gross and brutal scene between a ravenous Messalina and the satyr that lurked in Gwynplaine, as in the rest of men. We shall look forward with some interest to the way in which the translator will reduce this passage to the tone demanded by English opinion. Its reproduction in any shape will exact a good deal of skill, and, however dexterously it may be done, the picture is sure to be spoilt, because the grossness which is of its very essence must necessarily be abandoned.

From rank impurity we pass on to rank puerility. The new Lord Clancharlie takes his seat in the House of Peers, the whole ceremony being described with a plenitude of detail that might be very impressive if it were a little less childish. The scene culminates in a fine piece of eloquent speaking on the part of Gwynplaine-Clancharlie, which would be a good deal more appropriate if it were put in the mouth of a Parisian socialist in the nineteenth century, instead of being given to a mountebank in the first decade of the eighteenth. A bill is before the House for augmenting the income of the Royal Consort, George of Denmark. The sight of the horrible Clancharlie is "as though on the mountain reserved for the gods, at some feast of a summer eve, there had all at once appeared the face of Prometheus, ravaged by the vulture's beak." Still in the midst of the universal horror he has a hearing. "My lords," he begins, "you are set on high. It is well. We must suppose that God has His reasons for this. You have power, wealth, joy, the sun immovable in your zenith, authority without limit, enjoyment without the participation of

others, a profound oblivion of all the world besides. So be it. But there is something underneath you,—above you it may be. My lords, I come to bring you new information. The human race exists." Presently he warns them that "the true master of the house is about to knock at the door. What is the father of privilege? Chance. And what its child? Abuse. Neither chance nor abuse are firm. I come to warn you. I come to denounce your happiness. It is made out of the misery of others. You have all, and this All is composed out of the Nothing of the rest." Warned by his waxing emotions and stung by the insolent ridicule of the people about him, he becomes almost monosyllabic in the compressed intensity of his speech. "I am a symbol. I incarnate all. I represent humanity such as its masters have made it. Man is a being mutilated. What has been done to me has been done to the human race. For it, law, justice, truth, reason, intelligence, have been distorted, as for me, eyes, ears, nostrils; as for me, so for it, the heart has been turned into a foul pit of wrath and misery, while there is on the face a mask of content. Where the finger of God was placed the claw of the king has impressed itself. Monstrous superstition!" This is a study of nobility with a vengeance.

The end of it all is easily told. Gwynplaine goes in search of Ursus and Dea, who believe him to be lying in some royal dungeon, dead or alive. He finds them, by the aid of Homo, on board a vessel in the Thames bound for Holland. His return gives Dea a glimpse of paradise, but the blow of his absence has been too heavy, and Dea expires. In the calm of a deadly despair he goes on deck, and with a steady step marches overboard in the darkness of a starless night into the sombre waters of the sea. It will be remembered that Gilliatt, in like manner, in the "Toilers of the Sea," overmastered by a miserable destiny, lets the rising tide flow over him, not caring to live after he had lost all that he had lived for. There is a deep beauty, it must be confessed, in the episode of Dea.

She is blind, and so does not know the hideousness of the man who while yet a child was her deliverer, and who has ever since been her comrade and dear protector. Each is the victim of hard fate. To each, life opens already accursed. Each is to the other as a star in the midst of a black and silent gulf. The situation is from the first terrible, yet not unlovely. Pondering it, one must be struck by the pathos of the actual position, and the tragic significance of all that it is the emblem of: if only the surrounding were less grotesque, the want of simplicity and reality elsewhere

less glaring; if only the writer had in the rest of the story tempered his invention with the same single-minded respect for nature. Elsewhere, indeed, there are glimpses of wide and sublime prospect, rich with touching suggestion and impression that reaches to the very foundations and base of reflection. But an author of Victor Hugo's power might well have found some better way of revealing to the world these fine points of inlook and outlook, than by dragging us through a tangle of absurdity and fantastic unreality in order to attain them.

## OUR NATIONAL INSURANCE.

AFTER the Whitsuntide recess the attention of the House of Commons, which has rather flagged over the last phases of the Irish Church Bill, will be directed to the consideration of military subjects. The Army Estimates have been long formally brought before the notice of the House, but their details have not yet been seriously considered; and it is in the discussion of these details that the views of individual members on necessary military reforms are annually expressed. This year, however, the passage of the various votes demanded in the Army Estimates through Committee will be watched with no common interest; for the Secretary of State for War stands avowedly committed to military reform, and must be soon prepared to indicate to the House the direction of his future policy.

The whole question of military organization in this country is one of insurance. No sane man can for a moment believe that England will enter upon an unprovoked or offensive war. No one would wish to see our military resources manipulated with such an object. The arm-bearing men of this country are maintained solely with the view of defending the wealth and property of the nation, and of its outlying possessions, and it is worthy of serious reflection that of the numerous writers who have lately contributed to military literature, all without exception consider that, for the purposes of national security, our military forces are neither numerically nor organically efficient. Of these writers, the works of three<sup>1</sup> have excited parti-

cular attention, and may be well selected as expositions of views of the same subject taken from three several points. Sir John Burgoyne, the veteran Engineer officer, regards our defensive forces as a whole, and seeks to improve all in a proportionate degree for a common purpose and a common object. Colonel Baker details the necessities of the regular army, while Lieutenant-Colonel James Baker deals solely with the most numerous and most internal of our defensive forces, the Volunteers. The opinions of these authors, formed under very different conditions, all culminate in one point; all energetically insist that our present system of defence is cumbrous, costly, and unsatisfactory, and that it must be greatly altered before it can achieve the objects for which it is intended.

Reforms in the military constitution of this country must be conducted on principles which take into consideration our national characteristics. It is impossible to introduce into England servile plagiarisms of Continental military systems, however intrinsically excellent, because the people are not prepared to undergo a conscription, and because our army is required to find garrisons for outlying colonies and dependencies which require more than half its battalions to be continually absent from home, and engaged in foreign service. These battalions while abroad must be reinforced, recruited, and relieved from home; so that for all practical purposes, except the expenditure of ammunition and the losses in battle, the British army may be considered to be always engaged in war. The administrators of our military system must here find their great practical difficulties both in the formation of the regular army and its economical maintenance. The absence of conscription entails a system of voluntary enlistment which is impeded by the

<sup>1</sup> 1. "Our Volunteer Army: a Plan for its Organization." By James Baker, late 8th Hussars, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cambridge University Volunteers.

2. "Army Reform." By Colonel Valentine Baker, 10th Royal Hussars.

3. "Our Defensive Forces." By Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B.



necessity of foreign service; and the two combined necessitate a financial expenditure upon both the recruit and the soldier from which all Continental Powers are exempt.

Our military resources consist of the Regular Army, the Militia, the Army of Reserve, the enrolled Pensioners, and the Volunteers. Before discussing any of the suggested means of placing these forces on a more efficient footing, it is necessary briefly to consider for what duties they would be required in case of war. At present the infantry of the regular army consists of 7 battalions of Guards, and 141 of the Line. When the changes contemplated in the latest Army Estimates have been carried into effect, sixty-one of the latter will be stationed in England and eighty in India and the colonies. The garrison of India can hardly be reduced in the number of its men, although the same number as at present might be more economically diffused through a smaller number of battalions. It has been the steady policy of our consecutive Governments of late to reduce the Imperial garrisons of the colonies, and there are very strong reasons both on military and political grounds why this policy should be continued. The battalions stationed in the colonies are so widely scattered that they form no efficient force, and in case of war would, in all probability, if the colony were invaded, be made prisoners of war in detail; and if their colony were not invaded, they must be idle spectators of distant contests, in which they would not be available. It is a well-known military axiom that any dissemination of force is bad, and exposes the fractions so disseminated to defeat and capture piecemeal. As Mr. Cardwell truly observed in the House of Commons, our best method of defending our colonies is by declaring openly that war with a colony is war with England, and this will be no idle declaration, of small effect, if the military and naval resources of England are placed on an efficient footing. We might then with perfect safety withdraw all our troops from the colonies

properly so called, but there will always be certain positions where we must retain garrisons, not on account of the intrinsic value of their possession, but as coaling stations for our squadrons and cruisers. Such places as Bermuda, Ascension, Aden, and other coaling stations, must always be fortified and garrisoned, so that the most we can ever hope to be able to do in the way of reduction of our foreign service may be to equalize the number of battalions at home and abroad. If this can be accomplished—and there seems to be no reason why it should not—we may consider that at home, including the Guards, there could at the outbreak of war be, exclusive of foreign garrisons, seventy-four battalions available for the defence of the country, and as a nucleus for divisions to be completed by battalions of Militia and of Volunteers. Economical considerations would forbid that these battalions should be maintained at a high strength during the time of peace, and the Estimates issued from the War Office calculate that the sixty-one battalions at present stationed at home are to consist of only 560 men each: if the number of battalions were increased, we should probably have to be contented with a peace strength of 500 men for each battalion, which Colonel Baker regards as the lowest possible. The infantry at home would then number during peace 39,000 men. But it would be absurd to send battalions into the field which only contained 500 soldiers: with our establishments of officers a battalion when taking the field ought to muster at least 1,200 men; so that when war broke out each battalion would require 700 soldiers to complete it to a war strength, and these men must be soldiers, not recruits, as they must be ready to take the field within a few days. It is for the provision of such men that a reserve is necessary.

The rapid successes of Prussia in 1866 first attracted universal attention to the excellence of the Prussian system, by which a small peace-army was quickly filled up to a very large strength on the outbreak of a war. The other Conti-

mental Powers quickly took the improvements of their reserves in hand, and England attempted the formation of an army of reserve; the efforts made by General Peel have been acknowledged to be devoid of the desired result, and for all practical considerations it may be said that at the present moment we possess no reserve worthy of the name. The Militia and Volunteers, which are commonly called the reserve-forces of the country, are not reserve-forces in the sense understood by Continental Powers, but are auxiliary or supplementary forces, inasmuch as the men enrolled in those services are not liable in case of emergency to be draughted into the ranks of the army. The formation of an effective army-reserve is one of the primal necessities of our national insurance.

But the formation of such a reserve is a problem of much difficulty, and entails a consideration of the question of enlistment. In Continental countries, where the conscription is in force, and service in the ranks compulsory, it is quite easy to form a reserve. Men who have been draughted into the ranks as conscripts are only too happy to exchange a forced service under the colours for the comparatively remote liabilities of a service in the reserve. When enlistment is voluntary, as in England, it is presumed that only such men as repent their bargain would avail themselves of the chance of exchanging from active to reserve service, although if, as Sir John Burgoyne says, "the service in the Line could be made more palatable, so as to induce a more numerous and somewhat superior class to enter as soldiers, it would tend to the greater diffusion of a general military capability throughout the community: and this would be much increased if, instead of lengthening the periods of service, as is the present effort, they could be much reduced; and if the soldier of some few years' regular training were again absorbed among the civil population, and available in whatever shape might be thought best for the reserve-force."

Hitherto the long necessary period of foreign service has been considered a positive reason for preventing any short period of enlistment, with a subsequent transit to the reserve in the British army; but since the passage of soldiers to India—the most important and the most garrisoned of all our foreign military stations—has been reduced to one month, it appears that a road has been opened to short enlistments, by which at the same time an efficient army may be provided for foreign service. Hitherto all speculations in army reform have assumed that short enlistments require a rapid termination of the military service, but it does not appear that there would be any difficulty in framing a scheme by which men might be rapidly passed through the ranks for service in the reserve; while at the same time, men with a special aptitude and taste for being soldiers, might prolong their first engagement for a period suitable for foreign service. If this scheme be adopted, we shall distance foreign nations, and shall obtain at the same time a reserve and an army for foreign service. Such a scheme would be, that all men should be enlisted for a period of two or three years, and at the end of that time should select whether they wish to remain soldiers or pass into the reserve.

It is evident that by this system all the expense of deserters, bounties, and imprisonment of bad characters, would be annihilated, and a strong reserve formed of young men who would fill up the ranks of the battalions at home in case of war; while at the same time a powerful and efficient army would be maintained, which could easily find the garrisons for all our colonial and foreign stations. The novel feature of such a scheme, in contradistinction to all previously proposed, is that the enlistment for home service is the first, and not, as generally proposed, the last, period of enlistment for the soldier, and that consequently two classes of men will enter the army. Those who intend to make a military life their profession will enlist and re-engage, while the nu-

merous class who would like to try the life of a soldier, and find that they are more fitted for civil occupation, will pass from the army into the reserve, and still be available to swell the ranks in case of emergency. There can be no doubt that under such a system a much superior class will enter the army than at present. Many a man will willingly undertake military service if he knows that at the end of a few months he can have the option of respectably returning to civil life, who will not tie himself to an engagement of ten years. The State, too, will profit; as it cannot be expected that a bounty will be required to induce men to enlist for such a limited period; and any man would rather serve out an enlistment of a few months than expose himself to the perils of being declared a deserter, and becoming in consequence amenable to severe punishment. Colonel Baker does not take this view of the creation of a reserve. He proposes that the Militia should furnish the reserve for the regular army, that all men enrolled in the Militia should be liable to be draughted into the Line, and that the Militia itself should be recruited by means of the ballot. It is, however, exceedingly doubtful if the country is prepared to see the suspended power of ballot for the Militia enforced; and it is certain that all members of the community would rather see a reserve force formed by a voluntary than by a coercive method. Not that the Militia would not, however, be available as an auxiliary to the formation of such a force; for if General Peel's Act for the formation of a militia reserve were carried into effect, and lucidly explained to militiamen, there can be no doubt that from the ranks of the Militia many men would certainly be forthcoming to be attached to regiments of the Line in case of emergency. The Act proposed by General Peel provided that a certain proportion of men enrolled in each militia regiment should, for the consideration of a slight increase of pay, hold themselves liable to join the ranks of the regular army on the outbreak of a war. As such a liability is remote,

and the increase of pay is immediate, there is little doubt that many men would be willing to incur the contingency, if encouraged by the officers commanding regiments of Militia. Here General Peel's Act fails: it prevents commanding officers of regiments of Militia from having any interest in the formation of a militia reserve. If it were extended, and if every militia regiment were to be allowed to enrol a recruit in the place of every man placed in the militia reserve, there can be little doubt that a strong force of men of the militia reserve would be quickly forthcoming to supplement the rank and file of the regular army in case of war. Between the two sources which we have noted above, an adequate reserve-force could be without doubt obtained, and the regular army could be speedily and harmoniously filled up to war strength, without expense, on any necessary occasion, by men who, if the occasion disappeared, might without loss be dismissed to the reserve until their services were again required.

If such a reserve is formed, the regular army will be constantly in a fit state to take the field at a few days' notice. It must always form the nucleus of the army of manoeuvre, which must meet an enemy who may attempt to land upon our shores. It will, however, have valuable auxiliaries in an intact Militia and in the Volunteers. The Militia is formed of men of the same social position as the regular army, who will be equally ready on future occasions as they have always shown themselves in the past, to volunteer by regiments for garrison service abroad, to take the field at home, or, in case of a war waged on foreign soil, to volunteer individually into the regular army. Such a force is in the highest degree valuable, but it must be confessed that, as Sir John Burgoyne says, the Militia is sadly deficient in the element of its officers. The only reform which is necessary in the Militia is, as the same author proposes, to subject all militia officers to a preliminary education in the regular army, or to withdraw the appointment of officers to the Militia from the

patronage of Lords Lieutenant of counties, and to place it in the same hands which appoint the officers of the regular army. For the latter change the country does not appear to be prepared: the former can without difficulty be insisted upon. To it therefore we must give our adherence.

The Volunteers are recruited from a class which differs in social position from that which supplies recruits to either the Line or the Militia. The rank and file of the Volunteers are men who have strong interests at home, who are bound to certain localities and certain stations by circumstances of employment and occupation, which would render it exceedingly inconvenient for them to quit their homes for any lengthened period except under the pressure of the most dire necessity. We consequently cannot but agree with Sir John Burgoyne when he proposes that the Volunteers should be trained to garrison effectively their own localities, and except in particular instances, such as the Metropolitan corps, should be content to leave the field duties of the army of defence in the hands of the regulars and the Militia. It must be borne in mind that in future wars the danger to which this country will be exposed is not so much an invasion in force by an enemy as desultory onslaughts upon harbours and seaport towns by detached squadrons of cruisers. Against these the Volunteers, and not in the least degree the artillery volunteers, will be especially useful. It is to be regretted that at present so many of our cities, such as Hull, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and many others, lie entirely open to unresisted entrance: it would cost little trouble and small expense to protect them with batteries which could be armed and garrisoned by the Volunteers of the locality. If this were done, these important points would be secured from desultory attacks, or, what would be equally inconvenient, feigned attacks, and the field army would be ready to be moved rapidly by railway transport to any point where an assault was threatened in such dimensions as to necessitate its presence.

If such reforms were inaugurated, the defensive resources of the country would, as far as infantry is concerned, be placed upon an effective and economical footing; but an army of infantry, however efficient in itself, is confessedly inadequate to the purposes of warfare if it be not complemented by an equivalent force of cavalry, infantry, and engineers. The defensive artillery of our seaport towns may, if these proposed arrangements are carried out, be safely left in the hands of the volunteer garrison; for field purposes, however, we must rely entirely upon the artillery of the regular army, for it is not in working guns alone that field artillery is required to exhibit its excellence. The drivers of field batteries are a most important corps, and require a training which can only be acquired by considerable service in the regular ranks. This must be borne in mind by all military reformers, and furnishes a strong cause why the field artillery of the regular army should be permanently maintained at a much higher proportionate strength than the infantry. In the same way the cavalry cannot be reduced in time of peace in parallel proportion with the infantry. Cavalry soldiers are not readily trained, and cannot be supplemented by any auxiliary force, for it must be confessed that the yeomanry, liable as it is to only short periods of exercise, would not take the place of cavalry in the line of battle. Yeomen would be exceedingly useful as escorts and orderlies, and would thus relieve the regular cavalry of many onerous duties; but here its use would cease. The value placed upon yeomen as scouts, because they would know the country, appears to be overrated. How would the yeomanry of Lanarkshire know the country in Sussex? If an invasion were imminent, it would be impossible to confine the action of a particular regiment of yeomanry to its own immediate locality.

It must however be borne in mind, that an organization as sketched out above is only sufficient to place an army in the field: but an army engaged in

open warfare, or even in the expectation of warfare, does not remain for a single day in its normal condition. Sickness makes daily inroads in its ranks; and if battles are fought, whole brigades are swept away in a few hours. To meet the current expenditure of war, reinforcements are continually required to supply the vacancies caused by casualties. These can only be afforded by a system of dépôts. If the country were engaged in a foreign war for a certain time, the Militia would without much inconvenience find reinforcements for the Line; but, as Colonel Baker has pointed out, under a prolonged exhaustion the Militia dwindled away, and could only be efficiently recruited by means of the ballot. To obviate this necessity it would be imperative that the dépôt of each battalion of the Line and of each battalion of the Militia which was called into the field should be immediately expanded to the dimensions of a battalion, which in case of stringent need might itself bodily go into the field, or under ordinary circumstances should supply reinforcements to the ranks already opposed to the enemy. This expansion must be effected by means of recruiting; and when we consider the martial ardour which actuates all classes of the population during a period of war, it is difficult to imagine that the recruits would not be forthcoming, provided that they were engaged as above proposed for a short period of service, and not tied down by a long enlistment to all the contingencies of military service subsequent to the termination of the war.

Thus the men necessary to complete an army for active service might be obtained. How these men should be trained during times of peace, and how they should be supplied with all the accessories necessary for a campaign, still remain behind. We cannot but agree with Colonel Baker, that camps of instruction should be formed, where, during a few weeks in the summer, all the evolutions of active warfare should be systematically practised. The present standing camps at Aldershot and the Curragh have degenerated into mere

permanent barracks, where a few regiments are quartered for certain periods; but at these camps little practical knowledge is gained. The troops march out of barracks, partake in a stereotyped field-day, and march home again to their quarters. They learn nothing of the duties of outposts or of the practical experience of campaigns. We could hardly in this respect do better than accept the Prussians as our model. They have perfected the system of camps of instruction, and it was not a little due to this perfection that both the officers and men of their army were found so well fitted for the duties of active service immediately after the commencement of the campaign of 1866. A few weeks of exercise, or even a few days in such a camp, is found to be of more benefit to all branches of the service than any amount of parade-ground drills. On such occasions ammunition is served out as in the field, hospitals are established, the commissariat is practised in the supply of food; the troops are taught the duties of advanced-guards, of rear-guards, of skirmishers, and of reserves: in fact they gain all the experience of a few days of campaigning and battles, except the actual loss of killed and wounded. There is notoriously a difficulty in establishing such camps in England because of the highly cultivated nature of the country; but in many parts there are wide tracks of down or heather which could be usefully employed, and after the crops are off the ground it would do little harm if manœuvres were carried out across country, the farmers being compensated by the State for any damage done to them. By such arrangements it would be possible, with no change except such as is extremely desirable, to greatly improve the efficiency of the army; and, although figures and numerical calculations are too heavy matter for a magazine article, it will be found by any who care to investigate the financial aspect of the question that the result would be to reduce materially our present military expenditure. We should then, at a

less cost than is at present paid for a notoriously incomplete and inefficient military administration, possess an effective organization of our military resources as far as the individual units of regiments and battalions are considered. Yet, however individually excellent battalions and regiments may be, they would be of little use for purposes of war unless some well and carefully devised organization were matured during peace, by which they could be knit together for a common purpose, not crudely and hastily, but smoothly and harmoniously, in the first hour of need. The nature of this country requires that any organization which we may adopt should be capable of a duplicate result. It is necessary that we should be prepared to place a defensive army in the field within the country itself; or, in case strong military and political reasons urged such a course, should be able to throw an expeditionary force into the country of an enemy, while ourselves assured against any counter-attack. It appears that if the regular army and the militia were considered the main body of the army of manœuvre to resist an invasion—if the Volunteers of the sea-coast towns and counties were regarded as the permanent garrisons of those counties—and the Volunteers of the midland counties were regarded as the ultimate supports of the army of manœuvre—a system would be perfected which would be equally available for the defence of the country either directly against an invasion, or indirectly against any country to which we might have directed an expeditionary force. If the latter were the necessary method of defence, the regular army would form the expeditionary force, which under our proposed arrangements would be of such a respectable magnitude as to give great assistance to our allies, and great uneasiness to our enemies. Such of the Militia as came to volunteer by regiments for service might be employed at the scene of active

hostilities to garrison the port of debarkation, and the posts on the line of communication. Such of the Militia as did not volunteer for active service, and the dépôt battalions of the regular army, would be available for the supply of reinforcements, and, together with the Volunteers of the sea-coast and the Volunteers of the midland counties, would provide both a garrison and field-force of sufficient dimensions to preclude the possibility of success of any desultory invasion. The chief permanent organization of the military resources of the country must be that of the Militia and Volunteers, to which the regular troops should be attached only as convenient temporary appendages. We cannot but think that the militia and volunteer organization should be local, that those belonging to neighbouring counties should be classed in particular groups, at the head of which an officer should be posted of experience and capability, who should be responsible to the War Office for their efficiency, and that this officer should frequently seek opportunities of bringing both the Militia and Volunteers into contact with the regular troops stationed in his district, for purposes of exercise and instruction.

Such are the broad principles of the reforms which, after mature thought and consideration, we conceive could be advantageously introduced into our military system. The details, of course, would require a larger space for their elucidation than we can at present afford: they are, however, by no means complex or intricate. We feel assured that if a plan similar to the above were economically and energetically carried out, the military resources of this country would be placed on such a footing that, for the payment of a comparatively small premium, we might rest confident in the permanent security of our National Insurance.



# SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION: NOTES OF AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

MR. THACKERAY, talking of after-dinner speeches, has lamented that "one never can recollect the fine things one thought of in the cab," in going to the place of entertainment. I am not aware that there are any "fine things" in the following pages, but such as there are stand to a speech which really did get itself spoken, at the hospitable table of the Liverpool Philomathic Society, more or less in the position of what "one thought of in the cab."

T. H. H.

THE introduction of scientific training into the general education of the country is a topic upon which I could not have spoken without some more or less apologetic introduction a few years ago. But upon this, as upon other matters, public opinion has of late undergone a rapid modification. Committees of both houses of the Legislature have agreed that something must be done in this direction, and have even thrown out timid and faltering suggestions as to what should be done; while at the opposite pole of society, committees of working-men have expressed their conviction that scientific training is the one thing needful for their advancement, whether as men, or as workmen. Only the other day, it was my duty to take part in the reception of a deputation of London working-men, who desired to learn from Sir Roderick Murchison, the director of the Royal School of Mines, whether the organization of the institution in Jermyn Street could be made available for the supply of that scientific instruction, the need of which could not have been apprehended or stated more clearly than it was by them.

The heads of colleges in our great universities (who have not the reputation of being the most mobile of persons) have, in several cases, thought it well

that out of the great number of honours and rewards at their disposal, a few should hereafter be given to the cultivators of the physical sciences. Nay, I hear that some colleges have even gone so far as to appoint one or, may be, two special tutors for the purpose of putting the facts and principles of physical science before the undergraduate mind. And I say it with gratitude and great respect for those eminent persons, that the head masters of our public schools, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, have addressed themselves to the problem of introducing instruction in physical science among the studies of those great educational bodies, with much honesty of purpose and enlightenment of understanding; and I live in hope that, before long, important changes in this direction will be carried into effect in those strongholds of ancient prescription. In fact, such changes have already been made, and physical science, even now, constitutes a recognised element of the school curriculum in Harrow and Rugby, whilst I understand that ample preparations for such studies are being made at Eton and elsewhere.

Looking at these facts, I might perhaps spare myself the trouble of giving any reasons for the introduction of physical science into elementary education; yet I cannot but think that it may be well if I place before you some considerations which, perhaps, have hardly received full attention.

At other times and in other places I have endeavoured to state the higher and more abstract arguments by which the study of physical science may be shown to be indispensable to the complete training of the human mind; but I do not wish it to be supposed that, because I happen to be devoted to more or less abstract and "unpractical" pursuits, I

am insensible to the weight which ought to be attached to that which has been said to be the English conception of Paradise—viz. "getting on." I look upon it, that "getting on" is a very important matter indeed. I do not mean merely for the sake of the coarse and tangible results of success, but because humanity is so constituted that a vast number of us would never be impelled to those stretches of exertion which make us wiser and more capable men, if it were not for the absolute necessity of putting on our faculties all the strain they will bear, for the purpose of "getting on" in the most practical sense.

Now the value of a knowledge of physical science as a means of getting on, is indubitable. There are hardly any of our trades, except the merely huckstering ones, in which some knowledge of science may not be directly profitable to the pursuer of that occupation. As industry attains higher stages of its development, as its processes become more complicated and refined, and competition more keen, the sciences are dragged in, one by one, to take their share in the fray; and he who can best avail himself of their help is the man who will come out uppermost in that struggle for existence, which goes on as fiercely beneath the smooth surface of modern society as among the wild inhabitants of the woods.

But, in addition to the bearing of science on ordinary practical life, let me direct your attention to its immense influence on several of the professions. I ask any one who has adopted the calling of an engineer, how much time he lost when he left school, because he had to devote himself to pursuits which were absolutely novel and strange, and of which he had not obtained the remotest conception from his instructors? He had to familiarize himself with ideas of the course and powers of Nature, to which his attention had never been directed during his school-life, and to learn, for the first time, that a world of facts lies outside and beyond the world of words. I appeal to those who know what Engineering is, to say how far I am

right in respect to that profession; but with regard to another, of no less importance, I shall venture to speak of my own knowledge. There is no one of us who may not at any moment be thrown, bound hand and foot by physical incapacity, into the hands of a medical practitioner. The chances of life and death for all and each of us may at any moment depend on the skill with which that practitioner is able to make out what is wrong in our bodily frames, and on his ability to apply the proper remedy to the defect.

The necessities of modern life are such, and the class from which the medical profession is chiefly recruited is so situated, that few medical men can hope to spend more than three or four, or it may be five, years in the pursuit of those studies which are immediately germane to physic. How is that all too brief period spent at present? I speak as an old examiner, having served some eleven or twelve years in that capacity in the University of London, and therefore having a certain practical acquaintance with the subject; but I might fortify myself by the authority of the President of the College of Surgeons, Mr. Quain, whom I heard the other day in an admirable address (the Hunterian Oration) deal fully and wisely with this very topic.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Quain's words (*Medical Times and Gazette*, February 20) are:—"A few words as to our special Medical course of instruction and the influence upon it of such changes in the elementary schools as I have mentioned. The student now enters at once upon several sciences—physics, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, botany, pharmacy, therapeutics—all these, the facts and the language and the laws of each, to be mastered in eighteen months. Up to the beginning of the Medical course many have learned little. We cannot claim anything better than the Examiner of the University of London and the Cambridge Lecturer have reported for their Universities. Supposing that at school young people had acquired some exact elementary knowledge in physics, chemistry, and a branch of natural history—say botany—with the physiology connected with it, they would then have gained necessary knowledge, with some practice in inductive reasoning. The whole studies are processes of observation and induction—the best discipline of the mind for the purposes of life—for our purposes not less than any.

A young man commencing the study of medicine is at once required to endeavour to make an acquaintance with a number of sciences, such as Physics, as Chemistry, as Botany, as Physiology, which are absolutely and entirely strange to him, however excellent his so-called education at school may have been. Not only is he devoid of all apprehension of scientific conceptions, not only does he fail to attach any meaning to the words "matter," "force," or "law" in their scientific senses, but, worse still, he has no notion of what it is to come into contact with nature, or to lay his mind alongside of a physical fact, and try to conquer it in the way our great naval hero told his captains to master their enemies. His whole mind has been given to books, and I am hardly exaggerating if I say that they are more real to him than nature. He imagines that all knowledge can be got out of books, and rests upon the authority of some master or other; nor does he entertain any misgiving that the method of learning which led to proficiency in the rules of grammar will suffice to lead him to a mastery of the laws of nature. The youngster, thus unprepared for serious study, is turned loose among his medical studies, with the result, in nine cases out of ten, that the first year of his curriculum is spent in learning how to learn. Indeed, he is lucky, if at the end of the first year, by the exertions of his teachers and his own industry, he has acquired even that art of arts. After which there remain not more than three, or perhaps four, years for the profitable study of such vast sciences as Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, and the like, upon his knowledge or ignorance of which it depends whether the practitioner shall diminish or increase the bills of mor-

talities. Now what is it but the preposterous condition of ordinary school education which prevents a young man of seventeen, destined for the practice of medicine, from being fully prepared for the study of nature, and from coming to the medical school equipped with that preliminary knowledge of the principles of Physics, of Chemistry, and of Biology, upon which he has now to waste one of the precious years, every moment of which ought to be given to those studies which bear directly upon the knowledge of his profession?

There is another profession, to the members of which, I think, a certain preliminary knowledge of physical science might be quite as valuable as to the medical man. The practitioner of medicine sets before himself the noble object of taking care of man's bodily welfare; but the members of this other profession undertake to "minister to minds diseased," and, so far as may be, to diminish sin and soften sorrow. Like the medical profession, the clerical, of which I now speak, rests its power to heal upon its knowledge of the order of the universe—upon certain theories of man's relation to that which lies outside him. It is not my business to express any opinion about these theories. I merely wish to point out that, like all other theories, they are professedly based upon matter of fact. Thus the clerical profession has to deal with the facts of nature from a certain point of view; and hence it comes into contact with that of the man of science, who has to treat the same facts from another point of view. You know how often that contact is to be described as collision, or violent friction; and how great the heat, how little the light, which commonly results from it.

In the interests of fair play, to say nothing of those of mankind, I ask, Why do not the clergy as a body acquire, as a part of their preliminary education, some such tincture of physical science as will put them in a position to understand the difficulties in the way of accepting their theories, which are forced upon the mind of every thoughtful

'By such study (says Dr. Whewell) of one or more departments of inductive science the mind may escape from the thralldom of mere words.' By that plan the burden of the early Medical course would be much lightened, and more time devoted to practical studies, including Sir Thomas Watson's 'final and supreme stage' of the knowledge of Medicine."

and intelligent man who has taken the trouble to instruct himself in the elements of natural knowledge?

Some time ago it was my fate to attend a large meeting of the clergy for the purpose of delivering an address which I had been invited to give. I spoke of some of the most elementary facts in physical science, and of the manner in which they directly contradict certain of the ordinary teachings of the clergy. The result was that, after I had finished, one section of the assembled ecclesiastics attacked me with all the intemperance of pious zeal, for stating facts and conclusions which no competent judge doubts; while, after the first speakers had subsided, amidst the cheers of the great majority of their colleagues, the more rational minority rose to tell me that I had taken wholly superfluous pains, that they already knew all about what I had told them, and perfectly agreed with me. A hard-headed friend of mine, who was present, put the not unnatural question, "Then why don't you say so in your pulpits?" to which inquiry I heard no reply.

In fact, the clergy are at present divisible into three sections: an immense body who are ignorant and speak out; a small proportion who know and are silent; and a minute minority who know and speak according to their knowledge. By the clergy, I mean especially the Protestant clergy. Our great antagonist—I speak as a man of science—the Roman Catholic Church, the one great spiritual organization which is able to resist, and must, as a matter of life and death, resist the progress of science and modern civilization, manages her affairs much better.

It was my fortune some time ago to pay a visit to one of the most important of the institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands are trained; and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of Dissent, was comparable to the difference between our gallant Volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

The Catholic priest is trained to know his business, and do it effectually. The professors of the college in question, learned, zealous, and determined men, permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of opposed armies during a truce—as friendly enemies; and when I ventured to point out the difficulties their students would have to encounter from scientific thought, they replied: "Our Church has lasted many ages, and has passed safely through many storms. The present is but a new gust of the old tempest, and we do not turn out our young men less fitted to weather it, than they have been, in former ages, to cope with the difficulties of those times. The heresies of the day are explained to them by their professors of philosophy and science, and they are taught how those heresies are to be met."

I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemies in this way; and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better, not only for them but for us. The army of liberal thought is, at present, in very loose order; and many a spirited free-thinker makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense. We should be the better for a vigorous and watchful enemy to hammer us into cohesion and discipline, and I, for one, lament that the bench of Bishops cannot show a man of the calibre of Butler of the "Analogy," who, if he were alive, would make short work of much of the current *à priori* "infidelity."

I hope you will consider that the arguments I have now stated, even if there were no better ones, constitute a sufficient apology for urging the introduction of science into schools. The next question to which I have to address myself is, What sciences ought to be thus taught? And this is one of the most important of questions, because my side (I am afraid I am a terribly candid friend) sometimes spoils its cause by going in for too much. There are other forms of culture beside physical science, and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a

tendency to starve or cripple literary or æsthetic culture for the sake of science. Such a narrow view of the nature of education has nothing to do with my firm conviction that a complete and thorough scientific culture ought to be introduced into all schools. By this, however, I do not mean that every schoolboy should be taught everything in science. That would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a very mischievous thing to attempt. What I mean is that no boy nor girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all sciences; so that, when turned into the world to make their own way, they shall be prepared to face scientific discussions and scientific problems, not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem, or by being able at once to solve it; but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and being able to apply the methods of science in the proper way, when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem.

That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education, it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school existence to physical science: in fact, no one would lament so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner.

I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows. To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is "physical geography." The Germans have a better, "*Erdkunde*," ("earth knowledge" or "geology" in its etymological sense,) that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in

it, and about it. If anyone who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under this head of "*Erdkunde*." The child asks, "What is the moon, and why does it shine?" "What is this water, and where does it run?" "What is the wind?" "What makes the waves in the sea?" "Where does this animal live, and what is the use of that plant?" And if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child; nor any bound to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking faculty in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge and not mere book learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics—he should pass on to what is, in the more strict sense, physical science. Now there are two kinds of physical science: the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, these two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advantage which training in physical science can give is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented, for the present, if they, added to our "*Erdkunde*," furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools. Indeed, I conceive it would be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred upon England,

if henceforward every child in the country were instructed in the general knowledge of the things about it—in the elements of physics, and of botany. But I should be still better pleased if there could be added somewhat of chemistry, and an elementary acquaintance with human physiology.

So far as school education is concerned, I want to go no further just now; and I believe that such instruction would make an excellent introduction to that preparatory scientific training which, as I have indicated, is so essential for the successful pursuit of our most important professions. But this modicum of instruction must be so given as to ensure real knowledge and practical discipline. If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere bookwork, it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin Grammar, which makes no pretence to be anything but book-work.

If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such training should be real; that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so and no otherwise. The great peculiarity of scientific training, that in virtue of which it cannot be replaced by any other discipline whatsoever, is this bringing of the mind directly into contact with fact, and practising the intellect in the completest form of induction; that is to say, in drawing conclusions from particular facts made known by immediate observation of nature.

The other studies which enter into ordinary education do not discipline the mind in this way. Mathematical training is almost purely deductive. The mathematician starts with a few simple propositions, the proof of which is so obvious that they are called self-evident, and the rest of his work consists of subtle deductions from them. The teaching of languages, at any rate as ordinarily practised, is of the same general nature,—authority and tradition

furnish the data, and the mental operations of the scholar are deductive.

Again: if history be the subject of study, the facts are still taken upon the evidence of tradition and authority. You cannot make a boy see the battle of Thermopylæ for himself, or know of his own knowledge that Cromwell once ruled England. There is no getting into direct contact with natural fact by this road; there is no dispensing with authority, but rather a resting upon it.

In all these respects, science differs from other educational discipline, and prepares the scholar for common life. What have we to do in every-day life? Most of the business which demands our attention is matter of fact, which needs, in the first place, to be accurately observed or apprehended; in the second, to be interpreted by inductive and deductive reasonings, which are altogether similar in their nature to those employed in science. In the one case, as in the other, whatever is taken for granted is so taken at one's own peril; fact and reason are the ultimate arbiters, and patience and honesty are the great helpers out of difficulty.

But if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons; in teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled, by the absolute authority of nature, to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which



you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.

One is constantly asked, When should this scientific education be commenced? I should say with the dawn of intelligence. As I have already said, a child seeks for information about matters of physical science as soon as it begins to talk. The first teaching it wants is an object-lesson of one sort or another; and as soon as it is fit for systematic instruction of any kind, it is fit for a modicum of science.

People talk of the difficulty of teaching young children such matters, and in the same breath insist upon their learning their Catechism, which contains propositions far harder to comprehend than anything in the educational course I have proposed. Again, I am incessantly told that we who advocate the introduction of science into schools make no allowance for the stupidity of the average boy or girl; but, in my belief, that stupidity, in nine cases out of ten, "*fit, non nascitur*," and is developed by a long process of parental and pedagogic repression of the natural intellectual appetites, accompanied by a persistent attempt to create artificial ones for food which is not only tasteless, but essentially indigestible.

Those who urge the difficulty of instructing young people in science are apt to forget another very important condition of success—important in all kinds of teaching, but most essential, I am disposed to think, when the scholars are very young. This condition is, that the teacher should himself really and practically know his subject. If he does, he will be able to speak of it in the easy language, and with the completeness of conviction, with which he talks of any ordinary every-day matter. If he does not, he will be afraid to wander beyond the limits of the technical phraseology which he has got up; and a dead dogmatism, which oppresses or raises opposition, will take the place of the lively confidence, born of personal conviction, which cheers and encourages the eminently sympathetic mind of childhood.

I have already hinted that such scientific training as we seek for may be given without making any extravagant claim upon the time now devoted to education. We ask only for "a most favoured nation" clause in our treaty with the schoolmaster; we demand no more than that science shall have as much time given to it as any other single subject—say four hours a week in each class of an ordinary school.

For the present, I think men of science would be well content with such an arrangement as this; but, speaking for myself, I do not pretend to believe that such an arrangement can be, or will be, permanent. In these times the educational tree seems to me to have its roots in the air, its leaves and flowers in the ground; and I confess I should very much like to turn it upside down, so that its roots might be solidly embedded among the facts of nature, and draw thence a sound nutriment for the foliage and fruit of literature and of art. No educational system can have a claim to permanence unless it recognises the truth that education has two great ends to which everything else must be subordinated. The one of these is to increase knowledge; the other is to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong.

With wisdom and uprightness a nation can make its way worthily, and beauty will follow in the footsteps of the two, even if she be not specially invited; while there is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of everything but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres.

At present, education is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression, and of the sense of literary beauty. The matter of having anything to say beyond a hash of other people's opinions, or of possessing any criterion of beauty, so that

we may distinguish between the God-like and the devilish, is left aside as of no moment. I think I do not err in saying that if science were made the foundation of education, instead of being, at most, stuck on as cornice to the edifice, this state of things could not exist.

In advocating the introduction of physical science as a leading element in education, I by no means refer only to the higher schools. On the contrary, I believe that such a change is even more imperatively called for in those primary schools in which the children of the poor are expected to turn to the best account the little time they can devote to the acquisition of knowledge. A great step in this direction has already been made by the establishment of science-classes under the Department of Science and Art,—a measure which came into existence unnoticed, but which will, I believe, turn out to be of more importance to the welfare of the people than many political changes, over which the noise of battle has rent the air.

Under the regulations to which I refer, a schoolmaster can set up a class in one or more branches of science; his pupils will be examined, and the State will pay him, at a certain rate, for all who succeed in passing. I have acted as an examiner under this system from the beginning of its establishment, and this year I expect to have not fewer than a couple of thousand sets of answers to questions in Physiology, mainly from young people of the artisan class, who have been taught in the schools which are now scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland. Some of my colleagues, who have to deal with subjects such as Geometry, for which the present teaching power is better organized, I understand are likely to have three or four times as many papers. So far as my own subjects are concerned, I can undertake to say that a great deal of the teaching, the results of which are before me in three examinations, is very sound and good, and I think it is in the power of the examiners, not only to keep up the present standard, but to cause an

almost unlimited improvement. Now what does this mean? It means that by holding out a very moderate inducement, the masters of primary schools in many parts of the country have been led to convert them into little foci of scientific instruction, and that they and their pupils have contrived to find or to make time enough to carry out this object with a very considerable degree of efficiency. That efficiency will, I doubt not, be very much increased as the system becomes known and perfected, even with the very limited leisure left to masters and teachers on week-days. And this leads me to ask, Why should scientific teaching be limited to week-days?

Ecclesiastically-minded persons are in the habit of calling things they do not like by very hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I am about to make as blasphemous, and worse. But, not minding this, I venture to ask, Would there really be anything wrong in using part of Sunday for the purpose of instructing those who have no other leisure, in a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of man's relation to nature?

I should like to see a scientific Sunday-school in every parish, not for the purpose of superseding any existing means of teaching the people the things that are for their good, but side by side with them. I cannot but think that there is room for all of us to work in helping to bridge over the great abyss of ignorance which lies at our feet.

And if any of the ecclesiastical persons to whom I have referred, object that they find it derogatory to the honour of the God whom they worship, to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim His, and to teach them those laws which must needs be His laws, and therefore of all things needful for man to know—I can only recommend them to be let blood and put on low diet. There must be something very wrong going on in the instrument of logic if it turns out such conclusions from such premisses.

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